

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 80 Week Ending
SEPTEMBER 25, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 14d.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES OF ITALY SHAKEN

GREAT LEBANON NEW STATE ON THE MAP

Picturesque People of a Land
that Solomon Knew
PROTECTED BY THE LEAGUE OF
NATIONS

By Our International Correspondent

If you take ship through the Mediterranean and steam east as far as possible, you come to a Syrian port called Beirut.

The harbour is a fine bay, and is backed by fine mountains, ridge upon ridge of them, shimmering in a mysterious haze of sunshine. At Beirut, a few days ago, there was a ceremony which transformed it from a town under Turkish misrule to a capital city. It is now the capital of the new State called the Great Lebanon, which has come into existence under French protection, the French having received the mandate for Syria from the League of Nations, having undertaken, that is to say, to assist the Syrians to manage their country until they can do so without help.

Lebanon in the Telescope

If you look through a telescope from your ship in Beirut Harbour you can see among the mountains little towns and villages showing up against the dark rocks. These are the homes of the people of Lebanon.

You have often heard of the "cedars of Lebanon," the wood of which King Solomon used in building his temple at Jerusalem. Go high up into the mountains, and you will find these magnificent trees spreading their green boughs. You may also find up there a bear or two, a panther, perhaps; you will hear wolves and hyaenas howling in the night.

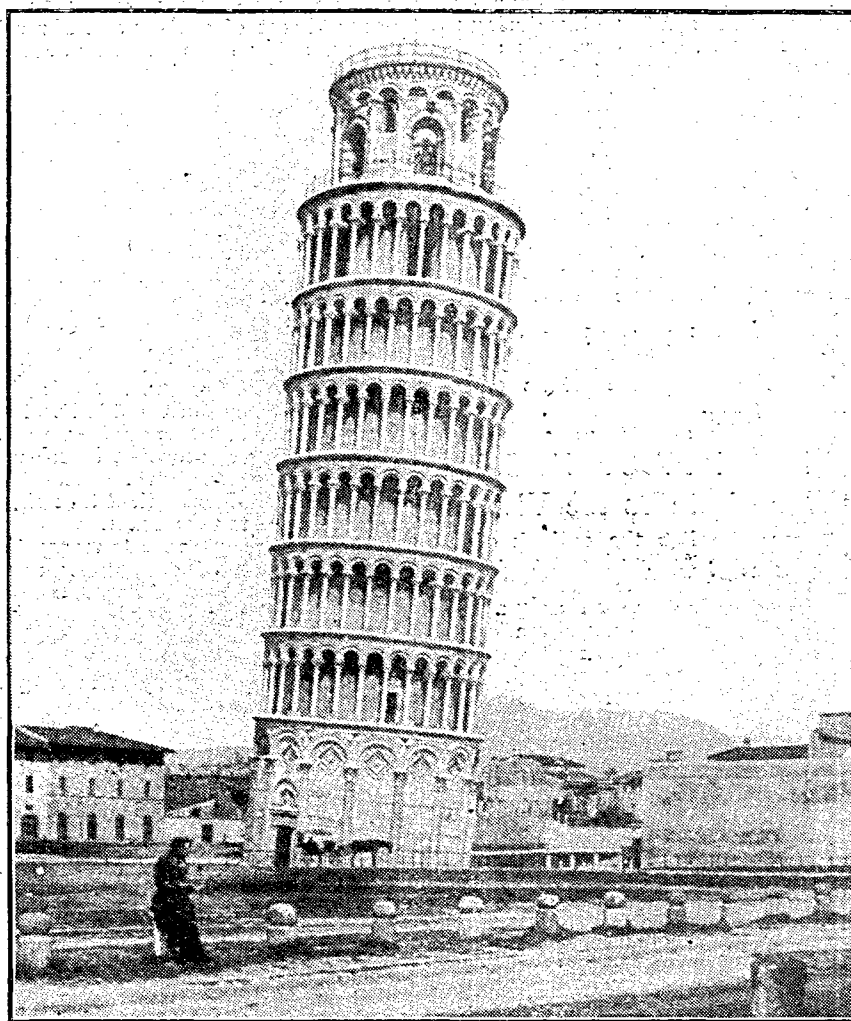
The first stage of your journey from Beirut up to the Lebanon mountains takes you through mulberry groves and apricot orchards. Making and weaving silk into delicate stuffs is one of the chief industries of Syria. Although the mountain tops are barren, and much of the slopes poor in soil, the valleys through which the beautiful mountain streams run are rich and green.

Population of the House

Grapes are grown in all of them; olives, too, for making oil; and in many districts tobacco. Outside almost every house you will see beehives, so that there is a plentiful harvest of honey, which the Syrians make into sweetmeats of the Turkish Delight kind, and always offer you, with a tiny cup of thick coffee or a glass of lemonade or sherbet, when you visit them.

You go up steps to the houses if they are of any size. The ground floor is given up to the cattle and horses. At the top of the steps is a wide verandah; the rooms of the house open off this, and here, or on the flat roof, the family spends a great deal of its time. They are glad to see visitors, for they are lively, kindly people, ready to make friends

Earthquake Shakes the Leaning Tower



The Leaning Tower of Pisa, one of the famous sights of the world for centuries, is said to have swayed during the earthquake which lately damaged 62 towns of Italy

and eager to know how their guests live when they are at home. They are very polite, and talk in a flowery manner which sounds to us exaggerated, even insincere; but this is the Eastern custom, and it is not just to blame them for it.

They dress in an interesting style. All the men in the country cover their heads either with turbans or with coloured cloths for protection from the sun. In the towns the Christians wear the red fez; the Mohammedans keep to their turbans. Those who have not adopted our dress look picturesque in baggy knickerbockers, embroidered shirts and Zouave jackets.

Once there was fierce enmity between the Christians, who belong mostly to a sect called Maronites, and the Druses, who are followers of Mohammed. Sixty years ago Western Europe was horrified by news of a massacre of Christians going on in the Lebanon; but now, happily, there is friendship among Syrians, and the Mohammedans have outgrown the fanatical belief that they were specially favoured by God and that the Christians were interlopers in the country.

Up in the more remote valleys the people live very much as in Old Testament times. Their ploughs are the simplest possible; in the fields the goat-herds pipe to their flocks, and make a

delicious haunting music. But in the schools the bright-eyed children are learning to look forward rather than back; and now that the land is freed from the Turks, and can look forward to governing itself, the people of the Lebanon will make quick progress in the arts and learning of civilisation.

For they have intelligent minds and quick wits, and if only they refuse to be misled and misrepresented by politicians they can make the Lebanon one of the most favoured States of the earth.

MINERS AND THE NATION

When these words appear it will be known whether our coal mines are next week to be idle or not.

In spite of the great difficulty of coming to a settlement, all good people hope that so great a disaster will be averted.

The miners have the people of the country on their side in their desire for better conditions of living, pleasanter conditions of working, and a generous share of the profits of their labour; but it will be a catastrophe for the whole world if, at this crisis in our history, the spirit of industrial war prevails.

Our men have died to save us from the tyranny of foreign war. Can we not all live to save our country from the tyranny of war at home?

EARTH OPENS IN ITALY

Five Terrible Seconds
Over 5000 Square Miles

FEARFUL SCENES IN THE
COUNTRYSIDE

The most terrible experience a countryside can suffer is an earthquake.

That the solid earth should cheat its living creatures and tremble, sway, and gape, throwing down rocks, crumbling houses, and even opening yawning chasms, while darkness lowers over the scene through the rising dust obscuring the sun, is admitted by all who have witnessed it to be terrifying far beyond all other dangers.

Happily, we have never known such a calamity in our island homes; but poor, distracted Italy has once more had this distressing experience.

Hillside Villages Destroyed

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when the clear sky of Italy was hidden by billowing clouds of dust as the trembling earth shook down everything that was lightly poised and insecurely built, or mouldering with age, throughout a great tract of Western Italy, a hundred miles long by fifty miles wide.

The shock travelled, with lessening force, along the coast of France, but the centre of the shock, where the terrifying and fatal damage was done, was in the western ridges of the Apennines, inland of the port of Spezia, where the Carrara Mountains supply marble for most of the world's sculpture.

One of the terrors, and also one of the mercies, of an earthquake is its short duration. Five seconds only was the time the chief shock lasted, though briefer tremors were felt again and again throughout the morning, keeping fear alive. But in those five seconds one town, Fivizzano, was reduced to ruins, and twelve villages scattered about the steep hillsides were destroyed, houses and churches collapsing into heaps of stones, under which hundreds of people were buried, some dead, some wounded, some miraculously alive, and calling piteously to be released.

Nature's Heavy Toll

Days passed before an estimate of the loss of life could be compiled, but in two days 347 bodies had been recovered, while 500 people, crushed and lacerated, were conveyed to hospitals in neighbouring towns.

The kindly Italian people, led by their king and queen, hastened from all around to carry help and food to the suffering; and their feelings, in face of such a dread calamity, will be re-echoed by all of us who happily live in countries that are not subject to these terrible throes of the old earth, as she writhes under the heat of her tremendous internal fires.

THE BOUNDLESS CONTINENT

MARVELLOUS NATURAL WEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

A Budget of Information from Senator Guthrie

AND A LITTLE INFORMATION FOR THE SENATOR

Our compliments to Senator Guthrie of Victoria, one of the great personalities in Australian politics and one of the powers behind the Seamen's Union, as powerful an organisation as the workmen of the world have anywhere.

Into Senator Guthrie's house at Geelong goes the C.N. week by week, for the senator has a bright boy of 13 who must be kept abreast of the march of the world he will help to rule some day. Like many other fathers, Senator Guthrie takes the C.N. for his boy and invariably reads it himself, and there comes to us from him this week a little note about our World Map.

We showed the Australians harvesting rice last April, and Senator Guthrie tells us that "they grow no rice in Australia." What they do grow is the most wool and the best wool in the world—660 million pounds' weight of it. Australia has the best sheep in the world—86 millions.

Millions and Millions

And then the senator goes on to give us these interesting facts about Australia.

We export millions of bags of wheat, millions of carcasses of mutton and lamb, and millions of pounds of beef; millions of pounds of butter, hundreds of thousands of cases of apples, as well as gold, silver, copper, and so on.

We harvest our wheat, oats, and barley from November to January—your winter, our summer. We shear our sheep mostly by machinery, and the middle of the shearing season may be stated as from September to October, though, on account of the enormous size of Australia and the varieties of climate, shearing is really going on all the year round.

To give you an idea of the size of some stations, I am managing director of a place called Avon Downs, on the Barkley Tableland, Northern Territory, where on two million acres we run 35,000 head of pure shorthorn cattle, 60,000 merino sheep, and 600 horses.

Thomas Guthrie and His Sheep

Your children might like to know these things, and also that in the next paddock to where I live there are three million bags of wheat stacked, awaiting shipment to Europe. Within 200 yards of my garden H.M.S. Platypus and six submarines are anchored.

During the war I read in the papers of the exploits of Captain Boyle, V.C. Naturally, I never expected to see that great submarine hero; now he is frequently sitting with me in this very room where I write, for he is in charge of the submarine base on the shores of Corio Bay, where my father, Thomas Guthrie, landed from Berwick-on-Tweed with sheep in the year 1847. He is one of the Australian pioneers, still hale and hearty.

We only have five million people in this great, rich, empty continent, but we are very loyal.

We have land and food of all kinds for a hundred million people. Could you not induce some thousands of young Britishers to come out here to the sunny, happy, prosperous South?

Rice Fields of Australia

And now, as Senator Guthrie has told us so much about his glorious continent, we should like to tell him something about it that he does not know. *The C.N. was right about the rice, and Senator Guthrie is wrong. Rice is grown in Australia, far away from Senator Guthrie's home but not far from that tableland on which he runs 35,000 cattle, 60,000 sheep, and 600 horses. There in*

Continued in the next column

TRACING THE SEA DRIFTS

20,000 Scientific Bottles.

The waters of the seas, besides ebbing and flowing as tides, are always moving in drifts or currents, and the direction of these movements at different seasons has an effect on the migrations of fish.

An attempt is now being made, particularly in the North Sea, to study the flow of the waters, both on the surface and below. For this purpose the nations interested in fishing are joining and dividing the sea up into portions, each of which will be investigated by a different country.

Eight different positions have been chosen, from each of which, during the present month, 25 surface-drift and 25 bottom-drift bottles will be let loose.

This launching of bottles from these known points will be repeated every week for a year, so that by the end of the year 20,000 bottles will be making their way hither and thither, by tide, wind, and drift.

Eventually the surface bottles will reach distant shores, and the bottom-drift bottles will be caught in the fishermen's trawls and their travels will be traced.

In this way it is hoped to chart correctly the movements of the sea-drifts and study the effects on the travelling fish.

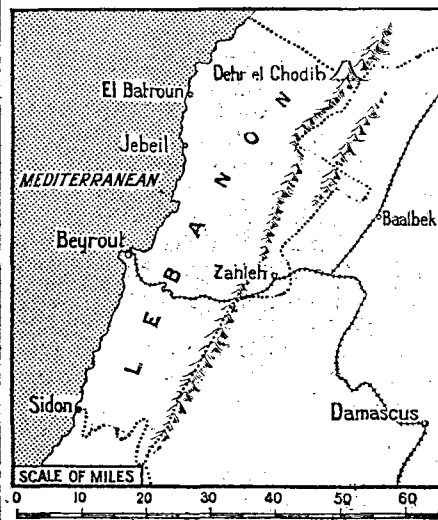
BOOK OF OPTIMISM

"Who Giveth Us the Victory"

Those who like the outlook of the C.N. will like Arthur Mee's war book, "Who Giveth Us the Victory," which the Times has described as "a comprehensive, popular exposition of the workings of God in the modern world, and in particular of His guiding hand in the war—an ardent, sanguine call to practical cooperation with the Divine purpose in making a better world."

The forty little chapters of this book run through the whole field of knowledge; they take us from the Nebula to the Millennium, calling up all the great discoveries of science and all the epoch-making inventions to bear witness that the best is yet to be, and that the world is moving on to a life that shall be nobler and nobler yet.

There are only a very few more copies of this book left. It is published at 5s. by Allen & Unwin, 40, Museum Street, London, W.C. 1.



The New State of Lebanon. See page one

Continued from the previous column

the Northern Territory, and elsewhere in Queensland and Western Australia, this great continent is trying the experiment of growing rice, and last April it was harvesting rice, as our map showed.

It is true that the results have not so far been very satisfactory, but Australia is a great country with a boundless future, and the day will come when Senator Guthrie's little man will smile to think of the day his father wrote to Mr. Mee to correct our map, and to say "We grow no rice in Australia."

POST OFFICE TAX ON BUSINESS

Tenpence to Pay a £2 Bill

NEW STAMP CHARGE

No part of the nation's increased taxation is more regrettable than that which falls on business through the raised price of stamps.

Since September 1 receipt stamps have cost twopence instead of a penny.

During the war, when much gold went out of circulation, a great deal more business than before was done through cheques, and the Government was glad to have it so. Now, owing to the increased cost of postage and of receipt stamps, either there will be much less business paid for by cheques through the post, or business will be heavily taxed.

Many people do not like to have bills sent to them open through the post for a penny. If a bill for £2 is sent with the envelope closed the postage will be twopence. A cheque sent in payment of the bill is charged twopence on the cheque, and twopence more for postage. Then the receiver of the cheque must put on the bill a twopenny receipt stamp, and post the receipted bill for twopence. Thus tenpence has been spent in stamps in paying the bill, or more than 2 per cent. on the total amount of a £2 bill.

A heavy charge of this kind will certainly tend to stop the sending, paying, and receipting of accounts through the post by using cheques, though it is a quick, business-like method that should be encouraged to the utmost.

When two people wish to transact the simple business of exchanging money for goods in the easiest way, and the Government lays a heavy hand on both and exacts a fine of from eightpence to tenpence in stamps, the time has come to find some better way of making the exchange at less cost.

POWER FROM WASTE

How Hawaii Meets the Petrol Shortage

The enormous increase in motor transport has made the consumption of petrol assume almost undreamed-of proportions, and genuine alarm is being felt that in a few years' time the world's supply may run out.

Several substitutes for petrol have been tried with more or less success, but Hawaii is using a fuel which not only gives a greater mileage than petrol but also gives more power.

The new fuel is the discovery of Mr. J. P. Foster, a chemist on a large sugar plantation on the island of Maui, Hawaii. Hitherto, in many cases, molasses, the uncrystallisable syrup obtained in the boiling down of raw sugar, has been wasted; but Mr. Foster has discovered a method whereby power alcohol can be extracted from the sticky substance.

Production of the alcohol is proceeding apace, and it is said that within a month or two there will be sufficient fuel to supply all the cars in Hawaii, while the stock of molasses now available is sufficient to produce 9,000,000 gallons of alcohol.

There is no reason why the huge stocks of molasses in other sugar-producing countries should not be made into millions of gallons of the new fuel.

LITTLE MOTHER

The Instinct of Protection

A Formby reader gives the following instance of how even young creatures protect those that are still younger.

We have in our yard a chick six weeks old, and four three-weeks-old chicks. We took the four away from their mother and put them in a separate pen.

There we found that the six-weeks-old chick was mothering the four young ones, and taking them every night under her wings while they were asleep.

THE BOY WHO ASKED QUESTIONS

GREAT BOTANIST OF INDIA

How He Went Out to Give Himself to a Tiger

ON THE ROAD TO FAME

There is an interesting story of the boyhood of the great Indian physiologist, Sir Jagadis C. Bose, told by Professor Patrick Geddes.

His father was a very busy man—a deputy magistrate in India—but he used to give some time in the evening to listening to his boy's questions about the sights of the day.

"I saw so-and-so today. Why was that?" was a common kind of question. And often the answer had to be: "I don't know, my son. We cannot tell. We know so little about Nature!" For it was before the days of the Children's Encyclopedia.

One evening the boy saw the luminous fireflies for the first time. "Father, before coming in I saw a bush on fire. I went to it, and saw it was all full of flies—flies all on fire! What was this? What did it mean? Why did they do this?" The father did not know—fifty years ago it was—that the light given out by certain animals is due to the very rapid combustion of a substance produced in the body, and sometimes to a very rapid fermentation, so he answered: "I cannot tell. We know too little." And we know too little still. But then came the further question—a flash of child insight: "Father, is not beauty enough?"

The Clay Modeller

The boy had jumped to the idea that a beautiful living creature may be like a work of human art—sufficient in itself.

We must not think of the boy Bose as a little prig of a philosopher. He used to ride to school on the shoulder of a reformed robber, or dacoit, who told him day after day great stories of his exploits. When he was a little older he got a pony which he rode without stirrups, and entered, to the amazement of everyone, at the village races.

A very different picture is this. His grandmother, who was very devout, was wont daily to model in clay a little image of Shiva, that she might concentrate her devotions. After worship and offering of flowers the clay was thrown back to the earth, for it was a symbol, not an idol, and the children were allowed to use it for modelling.

One day the devotions were unusually long continued, and young Jagadis, unable to restrain himself, ran off with the image while it was still in use, and therefore sacred. "The grandmother's shock was great when she realised the sacrilege, and, though the offender was gently dealt with, Brahmins and poor folks were fed, and other expiatory rites performed."

The Boy and the Tiger

One more story which is true to life. When he was quite little, certainly before he was five, Jagadis had seen a man brought into the village who had been mauled by a tiger. Some days afterwards, having been reproved by his mother and being very "sick of everything," the boy made off into the sugarcane plantation, where the tiger had seized his victim, and determined to offer himself to be devoured; and then wouldn't his mother feel sorry for her hard words? "But deep among the rustling canes his courage failed him, and he returned with wailings, which soon brought him maternal consolation and renewed peace."

Interesting glimpses these of the boyhood of this great man, Sir Jagadis C. Bose, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., C.I.E., C.S.I., Emeritus Professor of Presidency College, Calcutta, Director of the Bose Research Institute, famous all over the world for his truly wonderful studies of the sensitiveness of plants.

September 25, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

3

A NEW YORK DINNER

LITTLE PARTY IN A
GREAT HOTELThe Rich Man and His Friends
from Ossining

HOW TO MAKE BAD MEN GOOD

By Our New York Correspondent

People sometimes tell us that nowadays there are no more miracles going on in the world, but it is not true. Here, at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, which is the largest in the world, there has just been held a banquet as wonderful as the feeding of the five thousand.

The table was nicely laid out with flowers, and there were many courses of things to eat, and all the twenty men present seemed happy and prosperous. You could not have told any difference between them. Yet fifteen of them had been convicts.

The chief guest is simply a business man who has love and goodness in his heart. His home is near my own on the River Hudson, but farther up, at a place called Ossining, there is one of the largest gaols in the United States.

The Blot on the Landscape

Sometimes they have as many as twenty murderers in that prison, awaiting execution. Prisoners refer to Ossining sarcastically as Sing-Sing, and no place in the world could be more tragic. The high walls are mirrored in the river itself, and all round are lovely woods and rocky hills.

James M. Reynolds, the chief guest at the dinner, is a Christian Scientist, and the thought of the prison near his home haunted him. At last he was given leave to see the convicts and make friends with them. He knew that when they were discharged from prison no ordinary person would employ them; and that this would mean that they would have no choice but to return to a life of crime. So he determined to try a new plan.

A Noble Experiment

In seven years of quiet observation he selected 400 convicts. He introduced everyone of them to a job. He put everyone of them on his honour, and out of the 400 only two men failed him. All the others kept straight. In every instance he told the employer that the man had been in trouble, and what had been his offences.

Such were the men who met to entertain their benefactor at this dinner. Look at that tall, thin gentleman with the grey hair. Who is he? An official of a railroad company. Yet he had served a sentence as a forger. A man of less education had been convicted three or four times before James Reynolds got hold of him. He was persuaded to learn to read and to write, and he now handles his firm's pay-roll, amounting to £2400 a week. Another of these banquetees was a college man who had been mixed up with a fraud on landed property. He also has made a fresh start, and is doing well.

Example to Britain

The curious thing about the speeches at that dinner was that nobody once mentioned the word prison. They talked about the club, or the big hotel, or the college. They referred to each other as graduates, and used any and every term that would avoid painful recollections. Strange though it may seem, those men were nobler in their repentance than ever they could have been if their crimes had never been found out.

I cannot but think that if Britain knew what a great deal had been done here to help prisoners on their feet again, there would be fewer people in British prisons who pursue, year after year, a life of doing wrong.

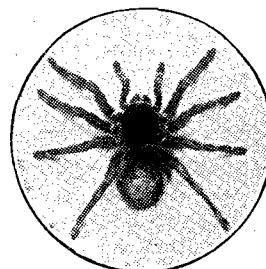
NEW ARRIVALS AT THE LONDON ZOO



An Indian mouse deer, the smallest of the deer family



A brown pelican from the New York Zoo



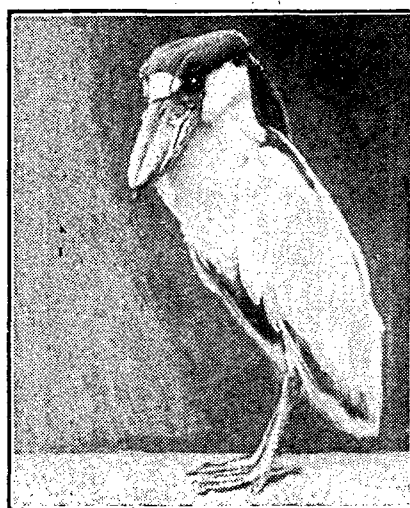
A bird-eating spider which measures six inches across



This baby hippopotamus affects a very unusual pose, sitting like a cat to eat his food



Waiting for dinner—a merry young penguin asks for a meal



A boatbill from South America, a rare member of the heron family



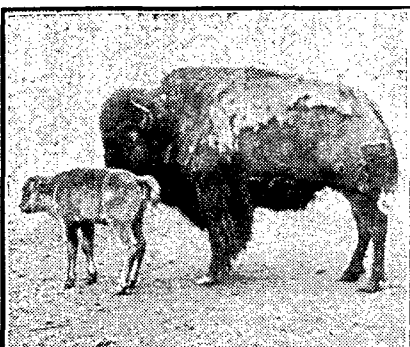
An elephant's greeting on his arrival from India



Sandy, a young orangutan from Singapore



A beaver whose teeth have been growing so rapidly that they have had to be cut



A North American bison with her baby, which was born at the Zoo

The very fine collection of animals at the London Zoo is continually growing. These pictures show some of the most interesting of recent arrivals

LACROSSE

School Game as a Witness
in History

THE VIKINGS IN AMERICA

How many of us, when we play lacrosse, realise that our game is one of the evidences that the Vikings discovered America centuries before Columbus? It is an extremely ancient Norse game, extinct now in Scandinavia, but celebrated in many a saga.

When the Vikings reached America—Vineland, as they called it—900 years ago, they remained there three years. Records exist of their intercourse with the Red Indians, of trade in furs with them, of fights in which the Vikings were worsted, and of friendly relations.

Now, the Vikings played their national game there and taught the Indians, for the game as played by the red men today is almost exactly as it was played by the Norsemen—so many on a side, using a ball driven by a club which has a hollow or net in which the ball can be caught and carried.

The Indians learned the game, and played it age after age. It can be traced to the Ojibways, the Menomins, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, even to the Cherokees.

From tribe to tribe the old game spread until, when white men colonised Canada, the Indians taught them the game handed down from their ancestors. Lacrosse, the national game of Canada, is simply a survival of the sport carried there by the Vikings 900 years ago.

THE OLD WIGWAMS OF
THE RED MAN

Life of a Colorado Boy

Our readers will be interested, we hope, in this letter from an observant American boy living in Colorado, who has noticed these things, he tells us, while herding cows.

I am 13, and have been out here four years. We are 150 miles east of the Rocky Mountains, but we can see them, particularly at sunset.

On our creek are the remains of Indian wigwams. The Indians used to camp near water-holes, for out here water is often scarce. The remains of their wigwams are rings of stones to hold them from blowing over.

A curious creature here is the axolotl. It is black, with bright yellow or green spots. It is born in the water-holes, but leaves the water when it is full-grown. In dry weather it goes down holes, but comes out in wet weather.

There are three common kinds of ants, one being red, one red and green, and a third black. These ants make roads. One road I saw was about 52 feet long. There are some ants so small one can hardly see them.

Five miles away two geologists lately found a skeleton of a large prehistoric animal whose molar teeth measured three inches across. It is thought to be a kind of rhinoceros, having two horns on its nose.

A little time since we found a similar skull. We still have parts of the skull with the two horns and the eye-socket. It is fragile, and crumbles at the touch.

THE NATIVE MAGISTRATE
What He Did for 10s. a Week

Do you know where the Gilbert Islands are? They and the Ellice Islands are just below the equator in the Pacific Ocean, about 25 degrees east of New Guinea; and they belong to Great Britain because they asked to be taken in.

The inhabitants on all the islands number about 27,000. The latest report of them comes from the Colonial Office, regretting the end of a very efficient system of native magistrates on one of the islands with 4000 inhabitants.

The old native magistrate had to register births, deaths, and marriages, settle quarrels, keep the accounts, and be responsible for good order, and he did it very well. His salary was £24 a year!

TEN YEARS' WORK FOR THE U.K.

MAKING GOOD THE GREAT WAR

How to Save More Lives Than We Lost

PEOPLE WHO NEED NOT DIE

By Our Political Economist

The United Kingdom, apart from the British Dominions Overseas, lost in the war just over 600,000 men.

Although this figure is smaller than has been often stated, it is a terribly serious total. And, of course, it was much more than the loss of 600,000 average citizens. The 600,000 who died were drawn from our very limited supply of absolutely fit men.

It was a loss which raised the average age of the population, seriously impaired its working power, and increased the great majority of women.

Let us contrast the war deaths with the peace deaths in the same period.

Death in Peace and War

Between August 1914 and the end of 1919 the Army lost 574,354 men. In the same period the civilian deaths in the United Kingdom were about 3,550,000.

So that for every soldier who died the nation lost in the same period six civilians.

Nothing is more certain than this, that of the 3,550,000 peaceful deaths at least one-fourth were unnecessary. Preventable disease, preventable accidents, and bad feeding sweep away every year in the United Kingdom more lives than were lost in the heaviest year of the war.

The heaviest year's death-roll in the war was 162,657. Even that grave loss is probably not larger than that of the needless deaths of peace in an ordinary year. Infantile mortality alone accounts for something like 75,000 deaths in a year, and town-bred diseases account for fully 100,000 more.

In Our Own Hands

Although this may sound gloomy and despairing, it is really a message of hope, and for this reason—that we have it in our power to eradicate organic disease.

Consider what General Gorgas did at Panama. The French failed to cut the Isthmus of Panama for two reasons: the first was that ducks and drakes were played with the money raised by French investors, and the second that mosquitoes infected the canal workers with malaria and yellow fever.

What did Gorgas do? He knew that the mosquitoes were the enemy. He set to work and hunted them down. As they can only breed in water, he drained all the pools, or coated them with oil, and compelled every inhabitant of the canal zone to aid him. The result was a complete triumph. The mosquitoes were banished, and the canal completed.

Sweep Out the Slums

What we have to realise is that, as Gorgas banished malaria and yellow fever from Panama, so we can banish consumption and other dread organic diseases from our towns by building good houses and workshops filled with sunlight and fresh air.

Thus the housing problem is seen as one of life and death. As soon as we care to get rid of slums and overcrowding, and to let light and air into the dark places of our cities, we can make such a difference in the death-rate as to save more lives in twelve months than we lost in the darkest year of the war.

It is no exaggeration to say that if the work went forward swiftly we could in ten years save more lives than we lost in the whole war.

A WONDER OF WHEAT

MARVELLOUS FAMILY OF TWELVE GRAINS

How They Grew into 300 Million Bushels in 14 Years

SPACIOUS FIELDS OF CANADA

About forty years ago the farmers of Canada were crying out for a new kind of wheat. The wheat they had gave a good harvest, the grain made good flour, and the flour good bread; but the harvest came just a week or so too late, and year after year the farmers saw their fields, glowing with the promise of a fine crop, withered and shrivelled by early frosts.

Scientists heard the farmers' appeal, and decided to seek a wheat which would combine all the advantages of the wheat they had with the advantage of ripening a week or two earlier.

In 1903 one of these searchers, Dr. Charles Saunders, turning over and over heads of wheat that had been produced by crossing one kind with another, came upon a single head which seemed to him to promise all the good qualities he was looking for. He shook out twelve grains, planted them, and reaped the harvest.

The Marquis Wheat

That grain was planted in turn, and in 1906 there was enough to send samples to different farmers. The farmers grew it, were successful in their growing, and in 1917 the grain children of that head of wheat, gathered in 1903, provided the world with over three hundred million bushels of wheat.

It is good to read a story like that. It startles us out of that dangerous habit of taking things for granted.

The new wheat, known now all over the world as Marquis wheat, has become the dominant spring wheat of the whole American continent, and Dr. Saunders, the cereal expert of the Canadian Government, who found this wheat when he was getting £5 a week as a young man of 36, has presented Canada with enormous wealth. The money value of the Marquis wheat to Canada and the United States is a great deal more than £10,000,000 a year.

Stone Age Harvests

We read this story of Marquis wheat in a book written by Professor Reginald Buller, of the University of Manitoba (Essays on Wheat: Macmillan), and it is good to read the warm tribute paid to Dr. Saunders. There is much more about wheat, too, for Professor Buller takes us back to the dim days before history, 17,000 years ago, when Stone Age man gathered the wheat harvest.

In that first experiment was laid the foundation of all the civilisations that have bloomed and waned. All down the ages the golden grain has caught the imagination of men and called for their special thanksgiving.

The account of the grading of wheat as carried out by the officials of the Canadian Government is remarkably interesting. When the farmer takes his grain to market, displaying it before the miller, who runs the grains through his fingers, the selling and buying of wheat is a matter of no great difficulty; but let an ocean divide the two, and how is the buyer on one side to be sure of the quality of the wheat on the other?

Grading the Grain

To simplify matters the government inspector steps in, and his word is law. Does he declare a truck-load of wheat to be of grade A? Then the farmer can demand the price for grade A, and the buyer must pay it. What a business!

Graded too high, the farmer would rejoice at getting more money than his grain was worth, but the miller would bitterly complain at having to pay a high price for an inferior article. Graded too low, the miller would rejoice at having made a good bargain; but the farmer would bemoan his unfairly small receipts. Human nature being what it is, we might expect constant grumbling, but the scheme is an absolute success.

NEST ON A CLIFF

PHOTOGRAPHER'S DARING ADVENTURE

Bird Swoops Down to Protect Its Home

THE BUZZARD AND ITS WAYS

A daring naturalist, Mr. Arthur Brook, who has just published a book about the buzzard, and its ways, had an exciting adventure in taking his photographs.

The buzzard has the reputation of being cowardly, but when the cock bird discovered the photographer leaving his hiding-place near the nest he showed great courage. Over and over again he swooped down at a high speed, coming within a foot of the intruder, and rising up again to fully 100 feet. Negotiating the descent of a difficult cliff with such an angry creature doing its best to dash out one's brains is enough to make things unpleasant, and this the buzzard did, following Mr. Brook for quite two miles, and making numerous swoops down.

What Father Brings Home

The common buzzard is no longer common, but it has been increasing of recent years in central Wales, and we must wish it well, for it plays a very useful part in keeping a check on the multiplication of field-mice and some other destructive creatures. It is a brown falcon with yellow legs; the hen bird is nearly two feet long, the cock rather less. The cry is a rather plaintive mew. The nest is usually built on trees or cliffs, but occasionally on the hill-side among the heather.

In his fascinating study of the nest on the cliff, illustrated with a dozen wonderful photographs, Mr. Brook has just told us many interesting things. The cock bird does most of the hunting for the young ones, sometimes giving his booty to the mother bird first, as she sits on a knoll near the nest, sometimes bringing it straight to his offspring. He brought frogs, moles, mice, rats, shrews, and so on. One day he brought two wild ducklings about two days old, and one of these was swallowed whole by a young buzzard.

Cannibals

The female brought fresh leaves of the mountain-ash every day and tufts of mountain grass. On the grass the young ones cleaned their beaks. It was very interesting to see the young buzzards practising the use of their wings and playing with the food that their parents brought. They are never actually fed, the booty being simply laid down on the nest. If the supply of food is inadequate the strongest young buzzard in the nest may in the despair of starvation kill the others—a kind of cannibalism in the cradle which is very unusual in wild nature. Against a grim fact of this sort we must place the watchful care of the parent birds and the amount of hard work that the cock, especially, does in keeping the table spread.

This entertaining book is called "The Buzzard at Home," and is one of the British Birds' Photographic Series, published by Witherby and Company, at 3s. 6d.

PAYING FOR THE FLAG

Colonies and the War Bill

Many patriots look grave when they are asked to pay for their country's needs, but our splendid colonies rise to the high patriotic level of paying willingly towards the nation's war debts. Some of the smallest have been most generous.

Ceylon pays £2,000,000; the Straits Settlements, £1,000,000; the Gold Coast, £200,000; Bermuda, £40,000; Sarawak, £30,000; while Nigeria takes on her shoulders £6,000,000 of war debt; Jamaica promises £60,000 a year for 40 years; and the Falkland Islands, with about 3000 inhabitants, give one-tenth of their customs revenues for ten years.

These outlying parts of the Empire know the value of the protection the British Flag gives.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MAN WHO CHAINED HIMSELF WITH SLAVES

The Gloomy Writer of France

JOHN WESLEY'S FRIEND

Sep. 26. Body of Columbus moved to Spain . . . 1898
27. Vincent de Paul, philanthropist, died in Paris . . . 1660
28. Louis Pasteur died in Paris . . . 1895
29. Zola, French novelist, died in Paris . . . 1902
30. George Whitefield died near Boston . . . 1770
Oct. 1. Pierre Corneille died in Paris . . . 1684
2. Ernest Renan died in Paris . . . 1892

Vincent de Paul

VINCENT DE PAUL was a great Frenchman whose life and work should be known to all.

Born of poor parents, he became a priest at the age of 24. When on a coasting voyage in the French Mediterranean he was captured by Barbary pirates, and for years lived the miserable life of a prisoner in Tunis.

When he escaped and reached France again his heart was tender towards all prisoners, and, though he was welcomed into the best society, he chose to spend his life in the cause of the poor and sad.

In those days prisoners in France were made galley slaves, and chained to their oars as boatmen. Setting himself the task of making the lives of these slave prisoners more endurable, it is said that he allowed himself to be chained with them to win their goodwill.

At other times he wandered through France preaching to the poor and neglected peasantry, and formed a band of preachers doing the same work.

Then, in Paris, he established a foundling hospital for deserted children. Above all, he organised the great band of good women still known as Sisters of Charity to help the poorest of the poor and suffering in the great cities. No man who has ever lived more truly earned the right to be regarded as a saint.

Emile Zola

EMILE ZOLA was one of the most ambitious novelists of France, and became immensely popular, though his writing was terrible rather than pleasing.

Like Balzac, who was living during his boyhood, he tried to write novels that would give a picture of the whole of French life. To do this he took as his characters a single family, and followed their fortunes and those of their associates through twenty volumes. But, unfortunately, he was chiefly attracted by what is gloomy, sordid, and bad, so that his books are not a fair or agreeable picture of his countrymen.

Perhaps he was led to adopt this strain by the nature of his first successful book—a study of the appalling effects of alcohol. The most powerful of Zola's novels, La Débâcle, or The Downfall, is a striking fragment of history—a sketch of the overthrow of the Second Empire of France at Sedan.

Zola was accidentally poisoned by an escape of gas in his bedroom when he was at the height of his fame.

George Whitefield

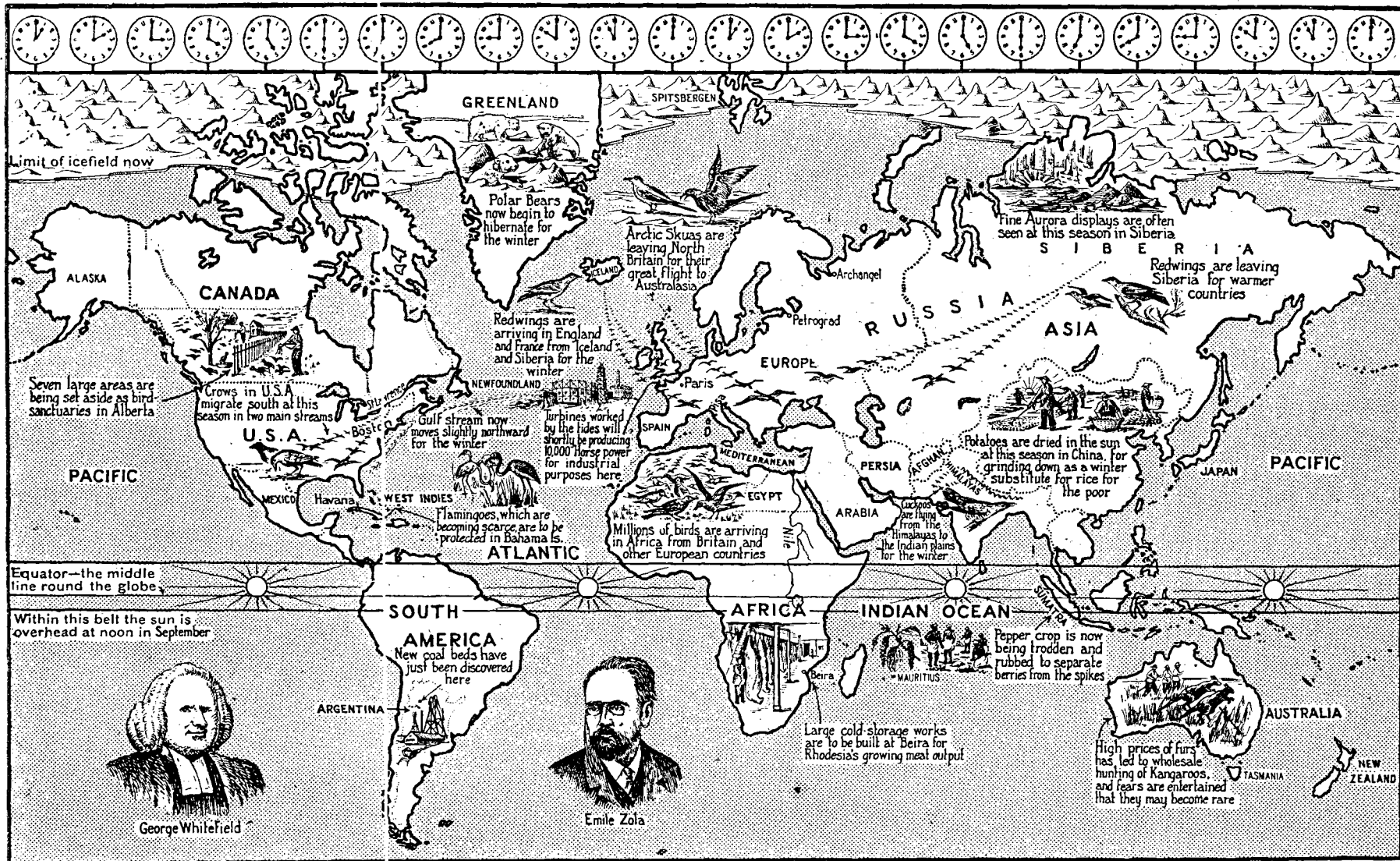
GEORGE WHITEFIELD, one of the most popular preachers who has ever appealed to the English-speaking world, was the son of a Gloucester publican, and served drinks in his father's tap-room.

Later he went to Oxford, and at the university came under the influence of John Wesley. Both were members of the Church of England. They were distressed at the low morality of the English people, and the indifference of the great bulk of the clergy.

When they tried to raise the nation to a deeper sense of religion they were refused entrance to many church pulpits, and so had to preach in the open air. This they did to enormous crowds, with wonderful results, in spite of persistent persecution, until the public was won over to admiration.

Whitefield preached throughout the United Kingdom, and visited America seven times. Often he preached 40 hours in a week, to tens of thousands.

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS



BATTLEFIELD SURPRISE
Wheat Grows in the Trenches

An American committee that has been helping to restore devastated France in the war zone reports that, contrary to all French expectation, the ploughing up of the earth from two to five feet by shells, and the drenching of the ground with poison gas, instead of rendering the country barren for years has had the effect of fertilising it in a wonderful way.

The deep soil that has never been exhausted by cultivation has been brought to the top, and the chemical constituents spread everywhere have also had a fertilising effect, so that the best crops are growing where destruction was most thorough, and one of the richest patches marks the site of a village taken and retaken 18 times.

KENT DOG'S FEAT
Backing His Way Home

A dog of Kent has recently distinguished himself beyond all other dogs by backing his way home after he had been lost four days.

He backed because he could not move forward—for he had a drain-pipe firmly wedged on his head.

Apparently he had dashed into the pipe after a rabbit (for he was a terrier, and therefore eager and venturesome), but his head became fixed in the pipe, and, after trying in vain to draw it out, he wriggled the pipe free and dragged it after him as he made his way home.

He had travelled across a large field in that way when he was discovered and released by having the pipe smashed.

He was terribly exhausted by his struggles and exposure, but recovered gallantly on being freed.

HITTING THE PIANO

A man at Croydon who, having nothing better to do with his time, played the piano for 110 hours without stopping, was presented with flowers, greeted by thousands of admirers, and followed home like a hero by a great crowd. Well, well!

NIBBLING THE NEEDLES
Isle of Wight People Anxious

The people of the Isle of Wight are anxious that the island should not be lessened, and there is a danger that it may be. But when they fear it will be "cut in two"—an alarming expression they often use—they suggest more danger than really exists.

What is threatened is that the sea will nibble away the Needles and a hill behind them, turning the north-western corner into a little island.

The Channel is breaking into a low part of Freshwater Bay; and not far inland is the source of the River Yar. The river runs down to Yarmouth on the Solent. If, during a storm or high tide, the sea were to burst through into the little river then the high ground between the river and the corner of the island where the Needles jut out would become an island.

Naturally, the islanders do not wish their little land to have one of its prettiest corners chipped off, and so appeal for help in resisting the sea's encroachment.

SEALS OF THE PACIFIC
Increased Three Times Over

The United States, Great Britain, and Japan are now regulating the killing of seals in the North Pacific Ocean, and the effect is that, in ten years, the seals have increased three times over.

There were only 200,000 of them; there are now 600,000. Only one-fourth as many seals are being killed as were killed when sealing was not officially controlled. Yet the profit on the business has greatly increased, as the skins are making fourteen times the price they fetched when there was an indiscriminate slaughter.

PUT THE CLOCK BACK

All clocks in the United Kingdom should be put back one hour at bedtime on Sunday, September 26

300 MEN TRAPPED
The Daily Danger Down Below

We grumble at the price of coal, but all who burn coal ought in justice to remember how those who go down into the earth in pits brave dangers of the deep quite as truly as those who go down to the sea in ships.

They never know when the air that reaches them may be poisoned by gas, or when the earth may fall in and block up the passage to the bottom of the shaft. This last form of accident happened quite recently in South Wales. Some little coal-waggons got beyond control, ran down an incline, left the rails, and brought down masses of earth and rock into the tunnel, penning in 300 men and boys.

Two miles away, under ground, was a ventilation shaft, and there the imprisoned men had to make their way, and, partly by the use of ladders and ropes, reached the surface eventually, glad that the accident was no worse.

It is well for us who live in the sun to remember that this kind of danger is part of the mining business.

SAVING THE FLAMINGO
The Most Gorgeous Bird

The flamingo, the most gorgeous living bird, a mass of scarlet body, jet black under enormous wings, with long, slender neck, was becoming extremely rare in the New World, where its only resort is the islands of the Bahamas group; but a law has now been passed protecting it.

The cause for its threatened disappearance was the habit of sponge fishers, who visit the islands, killing it to eat. Keepers have now been engaged to prevent its extinction. See World Map

Pronunciations in this Paper

Axolotl	Ax-ol-otl
Lacrosse	La-cross
Menominee	Men-om-in-ee
Ojibways	O-jib-ways
Ossining	Oss-in-ing
Gaga	Say-ga

REPUBLIC AND ITS LAST
KING

A Law to Let a Dead Man In

The Republic of Brazil has just done honour to itself by repealing one of its laws. In 1889 by a bloodless revolution it banished its last emperor, Dom Pedro II., and decreed that neither he nor any of his family should ever return.

Dom Pedro was a good ruler, a democrat though an emperor, and respected throughout the world. That his people should exclude him—the last monarch in the New World—from his country cut him to the heart, and two years after his exile he died, and was buried at Lisbon.

Really, the Brazilians were not averse to their amiable and progressive emperor. It was his daughter whom they disliked, and whose threatened accession to the throne they guarded against.

Now nineteen years have passed, and the law of exclusion has been repealed that the emperor's body may be taken back to Rio de Janeiro and reburied among the people he served faithfully.

The dead emperor, after the manner of the Portuguese, was embalmed, and a glass panel in the lid of his coffin reveals to this day the face of the dead emperor, who now goes home again.

SEA FLOOR TRAGEDY

Cable That Swallowed a Whale

The American newspapers are greatly pleased with a new whale story. A cable that lies on the floor of the Pacific Ocean, between Western Mexico and Chile, went wrong, and a repair ship grappled it from the bottom to find out why.

When they hauled it up, at the place where the stoppage occurred, they found a dead whale entangled in several hundred feet of cable.

What the whale was doing with that cable when it caught him can only be imagined. American imagination plays with the idea that he was trying to eat it.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 25 1920

Going Back

More and more the hope of the world rests with the boys and girls who are growing up to fill the places of those who fell in the Great War.

IN a world which might seem going back to barbarism the youth of these British Islands is now going back to school. Perhaps this is one form of "going back" which is a real case of stepping forward.

Let us offer our best wishes to all who are taking farewell of their summer holidays and setting their faces towards another term, a term which it is in their power to make quite as happy as the holidays.

Goethe, the greatest of all Germans, was once asked by a friend what he thought of the English who visited Weimar in those days, and he said, "What capable, good-looking people they are! Their bearing and their manners in society are so full of confidence, and so easy, as if they were masters everywhere, as if the world belonged to them."

His friend said these young Englishmen were not, perhaps, so well educated as the Germans, and Goethe agreed, but declared that a fool with character might be a better man than a scholar and philosopher. He said the English system of education is better than the German, that it is freer and more manly, that the English are not "over-educated," their minds not warped, and that they are always "complete men." He went on to deplore the soul-destroying German system of education, which took no account of games, was repressive and hard, crammed young minds with useless knowledge, and "drove out all originality." He cried out for the English system—"less philosophy and more energy, less theory and more practice."

These words of a truly great man may help some of us to go back to our school books without regret. The grind of lessons is not pleasant, and saying good-bye is apt to bring a lump into the throat of the bravest boy alive. But, all the same, going back to school means something more than going back to school books. It means going back to the finest and most creative discipline in the world—the discipline of a glorious tradition.

We are going back to school in order that our country may go forward on her road of freedom, justice, and truth. We are going back, not to become mathematicians or historians, but to become Britons. Lessons are important, but so are games. Drilling is important, but so are manners and conversation. Success lies not in gaining prizes but in forming character. The boys and girls of this country are the hope of the nation; they may be the hope of the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Highland Glen

IN a Highland glen there stands a rough hewn granite block, and on one side of it are eight plain figures
1914-1918

That is all, and we commend it to all those who want to set up an Egyptian mountain with a million names at Hyde Park Corner. For centuries travellers will pass this granite block and know what those figures mean, and they will thank God that they belong to the race of the simple folk of this Highland glen, who gave all they had, and lost most of their young men, in those appalling years that lie behind us.

At the Top

THE Prince is coming home again, and all who have seen him are filled with admiration of the homeliness and friendship of our Grand Young Man.

A reader in South Africa, writing of the Prince's happy ways, tells a story of a royal visit to the Cape when the Duke of Connaught opened the first South African Parliament. The story is well worth telling.

At a little railway station on the veldt a teacher brought her children with tiny baskets they had made, filled with wild flowers they had gathered, to present to the Duchess. The children asked the station-master whether they would be allowed to present their modest gifts.

The station-master said: "Here is the conductor of the train, ask him." The conductor said: "Here is the Duke's Equerry, ask him." The Equerry said: "Here is the Duke himself, ask him." But the Duke smilingly replied: "Here is the Duchess herself, ask her."

And the Duchess said (or something like it): "With pleasure, my good little people," taking the children into the train and entertaining them with tea and cake.

There is always room at the top—and courtesy, too.

A Good Name

THE proudest thing in life is a good name. It is worth more than Mr. Rockefeller's millions, more than the King's crown; it will lead you on and on to lasting happiness.

We have thought of this on seeing that somebody has used in vain the name of Girton College. Is it no offence to besmirch the name of a noble institution?

To us it seems a crime that should be punished. To steal a purse is bad; to steal a good name is worse; and to bring an unjust stain on a good name by dragging it through unpleasantness, without any reason or without any truth, is a grievous wrong that Girton College and Girton girls, and all good institutions and all good people, should be guarded against by the law.

Too Late

WE can all learn something from that angry man in Paris who hated his sister, and had her body removed from a tomb he had kept for himself. To keep it free for him he wrote to the authorities to prevent anyone else being put in the tomb without his written permission. And then his time came, and the corpse, waiting outside the tomb, could not enter because it had forgotten to give itself permission! It is better to be wise than to be angry.

Tip-Cat

IT is said that oysters can live for twenty years. But how few are allowed to die in their beds!

QUESTION of the hour: Would nationalisation make your coal mine?

THE National Portrait Gallery has no more room to hang our public men. Surely somebody will find it!

A SCIENTIST has discovered that "bananas make brains." Nobody will be short of a light lunch if his brains are made of bananas.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
How to have a
half-holiday on
a quarter-day

THE man who advertised for any berth, in any country, "willing to be shot to Mars," has, we understand, so far received no reply from Mars.

A PRESS announcement: "Lord Buxton has left South Africa." We are glad he did not take it with him.

ST. HELENA is crying out for a dentist. We thought the old firm that drew Napoleon's teeth was still in business.

A Man's Word

IT is right that we should be proud of that naval captain who brought home something worth having from the Olympic games. A point was given against him, but the captain pointed out that it was not a hit. As the judges were about to confer, the President said, "If this gentleman says it was not a hit, it was *not* a hit."

We do right to be proud of a reputation like that. But we do right to hope for the day when all over the earth it will be said: "If an Englishman says it is so, it is so."

Thoughtless Words

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!
SIR WALTER SCOTT

The Little House in Chelsea

By Our Country Girl in Town

ALL over London you see him now, a small boy with a note-book in his breast-pocket and a pencil stuck in the top of his stocking.

He is a Council-school boy learning to observe. Think what an advance that is! In Gradgrind's day they stored him with facts till he was old enough to work in a factory, and that was education. The boy with a note-book is one of London's inspiring sights.

I have seen him making notes about crocuses in Hyde Park, about a brace of wild duck flying up the Thames, about the humorous misdemeanours of a demobilised mule.

I have seen him drawing at the Natural History Museum, poring over minerals and dreaming of a fortune in Australia, or studying birds' nests and thinking of an Easter visit to a country aunt. He will carry back memories of rainbow butterflies, jewelled Eastern birds, and blue flying fish—alas, to a home over a mews!

At Carlyle's Statue

I saw him yesterday, a whole class of him, gazing at Carlyle's statue who, in turn, gazes away from streets and people to the sea-river. An enthusiastic young teacher, who looked as though it was a struggle to pay for food, and books, and the midnight oil, was lecturing them.

The thought made me hope they would go to the little house near by where Carlyle lived, and hear of his struggle with poverty; of the delicately-bred, brilliant, sickly girl who went to housekeep for him in a bleak lonely cottage; of the night when she sat up till dawn teaching herself to make bread, which would not rise, but persisting, because in God's eyes all honest effort was noble. I hoped they would see Carlyle's manly letter on hearing that his MS. had been destroyed by a servant, and Disraeli's, offering the old man a pension and honours, which he nobly and courteously refused; the chamber where Emerson slept, the kitchen where Tennyson smoked, the attic where Carlyle worked above the street cries.

Her Last Ride

I cannot look at the steps of that house coldly, not because of all the great men who mounted them, but because of the fragile invalid in the crinoline passing down them to the carriage her husband had just given her. What luxury! What prosperity! We hear that she had looked forward to it as a child to a toy. So she drove in the Park, till the servant, turning for orders, saw that she had died in the moment of her little triumph.

London is full of romantic doorways. But I like best to think of the houses that will have tablets upon them a hundred years hence, commemorating the poets, scholars, painters, and heroes who are at school today.

Carlyle's House in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, is one of the interesting places all book-lovers should go to. Open every day, with its many treasures.

19 THINGS AMERICA HAS DONE

BUILDING UP A GREAT CONSTITUTION

Landmarks on the Highway of National Liberty

PROBLEMS OF A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE

Having stopped the Drink Traffic, America is now giving the vote to women, and, though for the moment the suffrage question is not definitely settled, there is little doubt that it will come to be known as the 19th Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. What are these 19 things America has done?

The Anglo-Saxon race has done more for freedom and liberty and decent living than all the rest of the nations put together. Liberty in the modern sense may be said to have been born in England; and the great gift of representative Government—government of the people by the people for the people—is essentially an Anglo-Saxon product.

World's Debt to the Anglo-Saxon

From England the germ of these ideas was carried to America, and the splendid example of the Mother Country has been followed by her daughter across the Atlantic. The world owes many of its best ideas in government to the Anglo-Saxon, whether in the New World or in the Old.

The United States Constitution was a declaration of freedom and right government based on the eternal principles of liberty, yet it was imperfect, being the product of an age not yet fully emerged from the injustices of the past.

Government by elected representatives, and the control of all expenditure by those representatives, was provided for, together with impartial justice for all citizens, and an honest system of weights, measures, and money. The highest offices in the State were open to all natural-born citizens, and fair dealing with other nations was insisted on.

Justice for All

But greatest of all was the provision made for amending the Constitution whenever it was clear that the nation, as a whole, desired to set right some wrong or to enable its practice to keep pace with its more enlightened ideas in days to come. All citizens were to receive justice, but there were hundreds of thousands of black slaves who were not reckoned as citizens, and there was a wrong to be set right some day. The framers of the Constitution did not say it was perfect and could not be improved, and in this they showed themselves to be great men.

There have been altogether 19 Amendments to the Constitution, every one recording the distinctly-expressed will of the majority of the citizens. It is not easy to pass an Amendment to the Constitution in the United States, for before it can become law it must go through a fierce and fiery trial and prove itself to be true gold, the real will of the overwhelming majority of the people.

A Nation Sets Its House in Order

Some of the Amendments are of importance only to the United States. They refer to questions of internal administration such as the formation of a militia, the relations of the individual States to the National Government, and the election of president, vice-president, and senators.

But fourteen of the amendments are landmarks in the highway of popular liberty and free government, and stand out as beacon-lights to the nations, showing how a great people could grapple with wrongs and difficulties, and set its house in order in the sight of the whole world. Here are these great milestones of liberty. The numbers are not the numbers of the Amendments.

Continued in the next column

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A herring boat at Scarborough has lately landed the biggest herring catch of the season—130,000 herrings.

A man who appeared at Stratford Police Court was said not to have done a day's work for 21 years.

Boy's Life Brigade

The headquarters of the Boy's Life Brigade, mentioned the other day, are at 56, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

Newspapers Going Up

Six more newspapers and periodicals have just raised their prices, and the number of papers that have gone up in price this year is now about 580.

The Biggest Election in the World

There are 55 million voters for the Presidential election in America, which takes place next month—26 million women and 29 million men. It is the world's biggest election.

The first truck-loads of coal have just left the mines at Lens, which have now begun to work again.

The superintendent of the Kingston Guardians' Homes for Children has died from shock after inhaling smelling-salts.

A Miner's Holiday

A miner who was found asleep on Clifton Downs, at Bristol, with three farthings in his pocket, had just spent £72 on a five-weeks' holiday.

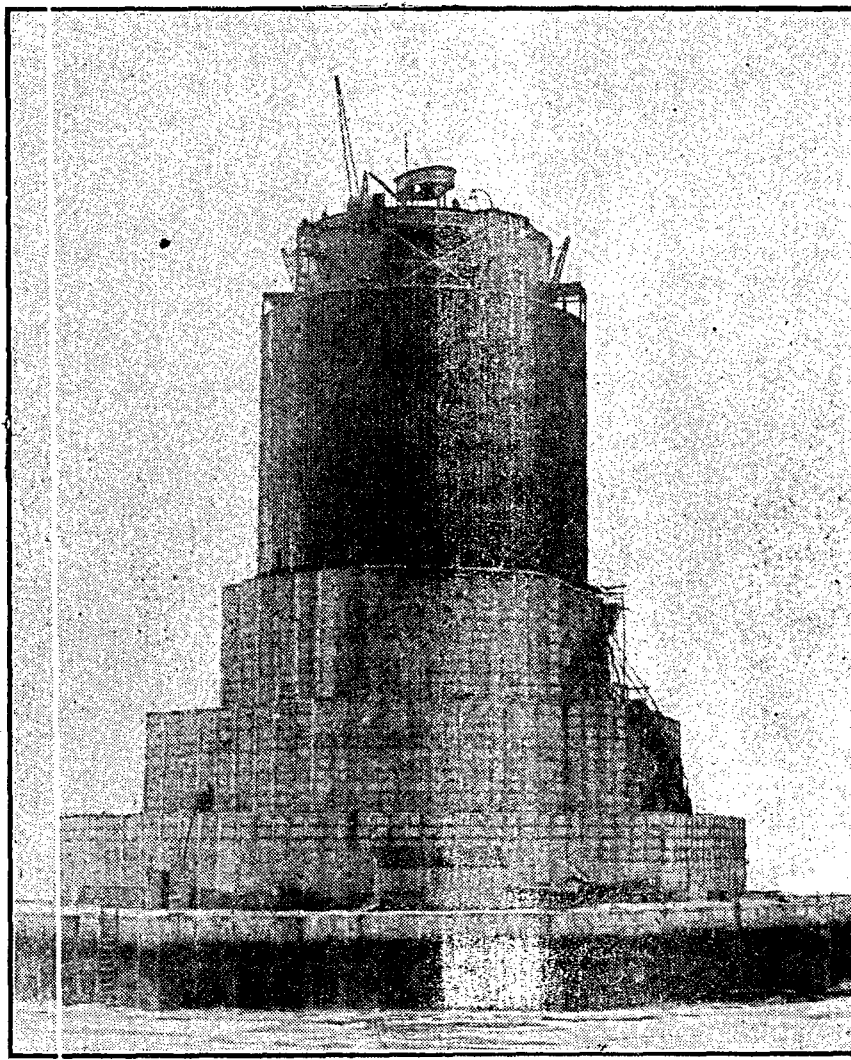
The Lost Chain

Somebody in Dorset lost a gold watch-chain, for which a long search was made in vain. It has now been found at Bridport, in the stomach of a bullock.

Isle of Wight Tunnel

A proposal has been made to tunnel under the Solent to the Isle of Wight, but the Ministry of Transport suggest a train ferry as more practicable.

OCEAN LOOK-OUT FOR 100 MEN



Sixteen of these huge towers, with concrete beds sunk into the sea, and with room for 100 men in each, were planned for the war but came too late. Two have now been floated. See next column

Continued from the previous column

1. The free exercise of all religions is to be permitted, and none is to be established above others.

2. Full freedom of speech and the press, and the right of the people to assemble and to petition the Government for the redress of grievances.

3. Army billeting in war time is to be strictly according to law, and in peace time is not permitted without the householder's consent.

4. All citizens are to be secure against unreasonable search and seizure, and no search is to be made except upon legal warrant.

5. Private property is not to be taken for public use without compensation.

6. Any person charged with crime must be indicted by a grand jury and tried promptly and publicly by a common jury, and no punishment is to be excessive, cruel, or unusual. The accused is to be defended by counsel, and to have every opportunity of securing favourable witnesses; no person may be tried twice for the same offence.

7. The particular rights of one set of persons under the Constitution are not to interfere with rights of other persons.

8. Slavery is not to exist within the United States or any place within its jurisdiction.

9. All persons born or naturalised in the United States are citizens, and no individual State can make laws abridging the privileges of citizens. No person may be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

10. If any State deprives any citizens of the right to vote at elections, except for crime or rebellion, it shall have its representation in Congress reduced.

11. No citizen's right to vote can be abridged on account of colour, race, or previous condition of servitude.

12. Congress has the right to tax all incomes for the benefit of the United States as a whole.

13. The manufacture and sale of alcohol is prohibited throughout the United States except for industrial or medicinal purposes.

14. The vote is given to all women over 21 equally with men.

MYSTERY TOWERS CONCRETE ROCKS IN THE SEA

Remarkable War Scheme Comes to Light

WONDERS THAT CAME TOO LATE

Many national secrets were kept well during the war. Among the best and longest kept were the mystery towers built on the mud-flats of the Sussex coast at Shoreham.

They were much too large and queer to be built without causing talk, inquiry, and guessing; but nobody who knew the truth gave any secrets away, and it was not until the huge towers—concrete at the bottom, but carrying a lofty steel tower at the top, looking like a monster telescope—were towed out to sea from Shoreham by six strong tugs that the public heard of the use for which they were designed, and the different use to which they will now be put.

Sixteen of these towers were planned during the war, but only two have been built. Had the war gone on and the sixteen been built, they would have been sunk in the sea across the Straits of Dover, and nets to catch submarines would have been strung from tower to tower, thus completely commanding the waterway.

Defence of the Solent

The two that have been built will be now sunk in the sea outside Portsmouth to make a new defence for that port and the Solent.

The concrete base of each tower is honeycombed with tube-like vertical hollows, so that the lower part of the tower is a concrete shell, giving the lightness required for movement at sea.

When the tower has been towed to its arranged station out at sea, it will be sunk by filling these tubes with more concrete, so that it will rest on the bottom of the sea like a solid rock, while the steel structure at the top will be a watch-tower, a lighthouse, and barracks for a hundred men if need be.

The mystery towers, in fact, are forts and watch-towers that can be floated out to sea and settled in their appointed places. The towers are nearly half as high as St. Paul's Cathedral and weigh ten thousand tons.

For the present they will mark and light the way, peacefully, into Portsmouth and Southampton.

THE LAUGHING JACKASS Driven Out of the Burning Bush

An Australian reader, writing from Victoria, tells us of bird friends unfamiliar to our British readers.

We had a big bush fire, and a laughing jackass, driven out of the bush, came and sat on a log near the house.

When a piece of meat was thrown to him he ate it greedily. After that he came back every day to be fed, and we soon tamed him so that we could catch him.

He had a mate, and they built their nest in a big hollow in the top of a gum-tree. Soon there were three young ones, and the father bird brought them to be fed, and we tamed them, too.

They will all come and sit on the verandah rail waiting to be fed. But the mother bird never comes. One of the others, however, will fly off to her with his meat.

Sometimes, when we are having breakfast, the father bird will take food off our plates, and once he took my chop.

They laugh heartily when they say "Good-morning" or "Good-night" to each other.

A SCOUT FOR THE FLAG

THE MEN WHO DO OUR WORK ABROAD

Colonel Leachman and His Adventures with the Arabs

THE EMPTY TURKISH FORT

The stories of our heroes of the war can never all be told. Men who did deeds of rarest bravery and skill have to die, it seems, before we hear of their glorious daring. It has been so with Colonel Gerald Leachman, D.S.O., who has been murdered in Mesopotamia, by treachery. Now, however, the pens of friends are busy, and we hear, for the first time, how that D.S.O. was won.

Colonel Leachman was one of the fine band of British officers always wandering in remote parts of the earth, gaining knowledge that some time may be of use to their country—getting to know people who live on, or near the world's lines of communication, and learning their languages and ways, so that they may do the work of the British Empire where and when it is wanted. Colonel Leachman's lonely travels were over the part of Western Asia where the Arab race roams at will.

Among the Arabs

German agents were doing the same kind of work over the same region. Against their bribes Leachman opposed his personal knowledge of the Arabs, among whom he lived as one of themselves. Then from time to time he would reappear, a ragged-looking Arab, and report what he knew to the British authorities.

When the war broke out, to the surprise of people who did not know how long it had been preparing, Leachman became chief scout to the British army in Mesopotamia.

He it was who found his way by night into the strongest Turkish fort near Kut, which was then besieged, and discovered it was empty. If that redoubt had been seized the Turks, in all likelihood, would have retreated, and Kut would have been saved from the surrender that followed.

Surprise from the Clouds

Leachman pleaded that he might be allowed to lead a force to occupy the redoubt, but a timid wire from headquarters forbade the adventure.

"Cut your wire and say you did not get the message," said Leachman, thinking probably of Nelson looking with his blind eye at signals he did not wish to see. But the officer who had received the message of denial would not venture to disobey.

Later he became chief officer in the Mosul province, where a gathering of sheikhs was held to arrange a rebellion against the British. While the talk was going on an aeroplane alighted close by, and out of it stepped the colonel to attend the meeting, and tell the chiefs that he knew what they were planning and had come to say that it would not do. Whereupon they dispersed, discussing the wonder of his uncanny knowledge.

How a Bribe Was Received

Can it be wondered at that in the secret German reports which we captured we found this admission: "We have spent money like water, but we cannot overcome the personal prestige of this man?"

How different are the workings of the minds of Oriental speculators and English gentlemen is illustrated by the way Colonel Leachman treated a Jewish contractor who tried to bribe him for a contract. "You shall have 10,000 rupees if you let me have the contract," said the Jew. Leachman replied by flinging him down the stairs. Whereupon the Jew picked himself up and said, "I'll make it 15,000 rupees." He could not conceive that he had been chastised for an insult!

MAD HATTER MEETS THE PRINCE

H.R.H. in Wonderland

THE CHESHIRE CAT LOSES ITS SMILE

By Our Wonderland Correspondent

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Wonderland was a great success. The Renown anchored off Queer Point at 10.86 p.m. in brilliant sunshine, and H.R.H. came ashore in a butter-dish, rowed by the Mock Turtle.

On landing he was presented with a bouquet of caterpillars by the youngest daughter of the White Rabbit, and drove away with the Duchess, in a handsome mouse-trap on three wheels and a bent pin, to the residence of the King and Queen of Hearts.

Here, unfortunately, a slight confusion occurred. A game of croquet was in progress, and, the Queen of Hearts refusing to stop, the Gryphon seized upon all the balls and hoops, and ran away with them, pursued by the Knave of Hearts, the March Hare, the Duchess, the Cook, the Queen herself, and the Cheshire Cat.

In the meantime the Prince encountered the White Rabbit, who led him to the home of the Mad Hatter, remarking that if H.R.H. wanted an improving talk there was no one so competent to supply that article as the Mad Hatter.

To this the Prince agreed, and they set out, jazzing most of the way.

Arrived at their destination the Prince shook hands with the Mad Hatter, and afterwards the Mad Hatter shook hands with the Prince.

"You have had a successful journey," said the Hatter, "and the reason is plain. You were travelling with a purpose."

"I was indeed," said the Prince.

"Some people travel with no purpose," went on the Hatter. "I have written a poem on purpose. Here it is:

A REASON FOR EVERYTHING

ONE night as the unintentional tide came accidentally in,

And the bright, fortuitous Evening Star
By chance rose over the harbour bar

With its incidental din,
I said, "It's a hap, hap, haphazard world,

According to some, I know,
But I still am aware in myself of a leaning
To the faith that the sun was not made
without meaning,

And that never a seed would grow
If there had not been a distinct Beginning,
And a Mind that decided to set things
spinning."

The Prince was charmed with this poem, and, taking a paper handed to him from the clouds by the Cheshire Cat, read the following impromptu reply:

Allow me to say, my dear Mad Hatter,
I believe in Mind just as much as Matter;
And, further, I hold that a mind wants
cleaning

If it thinks that Life is without a meaning.

This concluded the interview, but before leaving the Prince asked the Hatter for a message for England.

"You may tell England from me," replied the Mad Hatter, "that if she worked for herself even half as hard as you work for her, she would be the very finest thing in geography, history, economics, and domestic happiness."

At this point the Hatter seized a pencil, jerked out the right cuff of the Prince's shirt, and wrote on it:

If England pulls together

With her Golden Prince for cox,

She will weather all the weather

And ride clear of all the rocks.

The Prince, putting his cuff back, assured his host that it should never go to the wash if he could help it.

Since his departure the Cheshire Cat has ceased to smile, but the Queen's croquet match is still going on, with numerous casualties on both sides.

QUEER IRELAND

ROUGH JUSTICE IN A LAWLESS LAND

How the Sinn Feiners Found the Thieves

AND MADE THEM PAY

From a Correspondent

Matters have been drifting from bad to worse in Ireland, and the old cause of conflict, difference in religious faith, has led to scenes as violent and deplorable as those which were associated with religious persecution on the Continent in the generation which followed the Reformation. It shocks a Christian that fanatical Eastern peoples should strive to spread their faith by the sword, yet here again, in our own kingdom, we see rival sects seeking to destroy each other.

The revolutionary Sinn Feiners have been fairly quiet during recent disturbances; there has been fire enough without the addition of burning brands from their hands. The newspaper men from England have noted certain acts on the part of the Sinn Feiners scarcely in keeping with the dreadful traditions of these desperadoes. In one part of Ireland they actually appeared as self-appointed police to prevent bloodshed and repress disorder and violence on the part of other sects. And, as we write, they have been acting as public censors!

The Lost Packet

Yes, as censors of female costume. Bishops and others have been complaining of the immodesty of modern female attire; the Sinn Feiners acted. They appeared unexpectedly at a ball at Rosslare, in County Wexford, and, scrutinising the dancers, they sent home every woman whom they considered to be insufficiently clad!

That is an interesting sidelight on Sinn Fein methods, and a British officer enables us to add another. In his district posts come irregularly to hand, and people who complain are informed that they had better inquire at the Sinn Fein "lost property office." An Irish gentleman lost three items. One was a registered letter containing money; the second was a packet containing a small lock and key; the third was a case of goods that should have reached him by rail. None arrived, so he made search at the lost property office of his friends, the enemy.

Carrying Him Off

The letter containing the money was forthwith restored to him, but the lock and key had vanished. Some member of the party had had need of these, and there was no more to be said. As to the railway consignment, nothing was known, and the owner, fearing that further inquiries would bring trouble upon him from friends of the thieves, refused to say a word more about the matter. "Let it rest; I am content to cut my loss," he urged.

But the Sinn Feiners would not let the matter rest. By diligent investigations they ascertained that a certain man had some knowledge as to the identity of the thieves, but was unwilling to speak. They went forth and *abducted him*, carried him a prisoner to their own police-court, and made him tell who the culprits were. Then they went to the employers of the thieves, and said, "So-and-so have stolen and consumed or destroyed such-and-such things. You will stop 5s. a week from the wages of each until the loss has been made good, and pay the money to the owner." And the money is still being paid!

SAFETY ON THE RAILWAY

A C.N. reader, who has been much concerned by the number of crimes committed in trains, suggests that a small pane of glass should be inserted in each carriage, looking through to the next. At a small cost for each carriage such a small window might add greatly to public safety.

WHEN BROTHER JIM COMES HOME

Ringling Us Up from Chicago

DREAM COMING TRUE

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Here is one of the most fascinating dreams of wireless men which, judging from recent developments, seems likely to be realised before very long.

Looking into the near future, let us imagine that brother Jim, who lives in Chicago, wishes to tell us he is coming home by the very next steamer. He can send a wireless telegram, of course, but how much more pleasant it would be to tell us by word of mouth!

He calls at a telephone office on his way to the station, and pays his fee. He is then shown an ordinary telephone, such as one may see in most offices, and, hey presto! he is soon actually speaking to father in the City of London. Father's telephone bell has rung, a voice has said "A call from Chicago," and then brother Jim's cheery "Hullo!" has startled and delighted the busy City man.

New Electrical Devices

How will it be done? The chief problem is to establish an efficient connection between the wireless telephone stations and the network of land telephone lines of the countries in which they are situated. This calls for special electrical devices and, more particularly, for special "exchanges" and switch-boards, so that the wireless operator can switch us on to the proper lines.

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company has designed, constructed, and tested such a system, the results being highly satisfactory and encouraging. Now comes the news that the great Radio Corporation of America, which controls most of the trans-ocean wireless stations in that country, is arranging with the big land-line companies there to connect up to the wireless telephone stations to the wired telephone systems.

We see, therefore, the first steps towards the realisation of our dream, in these technical and business developments of an idea which is in every way worthy of this marvellous age.

Apart from the advantage which the general public will enjoy, the acceleration of the business of the newspapers and the money market will be enormous.

THE MONKEY MONARCH

Wild Hosts that Come to His Appeal

A correspondent who has lived at Simla sends this description of a local character.

On the summit of Prospect Hill, Simla, the summer capital of India, at an elevation of 7500 feet lives a Hindu yogi, or holy man, who has two titles to fame: first, hundreds of devotees come to him for his blessing; and, second, he is the greatest monkey monarch anywhere.

No monkey rules over so many monkeys as does this old gentleman. By a kind of mesmerism, made up of kindness, sympathy, and authority, he subdues to his will hundreds of wild monkeys of different clans.

He feeds them, rebukes the evil-doers, and even promises chastisement to the disobedient and greedy.

They know his shrill, penetrating voice, which carries far, and, as monkeys have keen ears, they hear him afar off.

"Chullaydo" ("Come along!") he cries, and then hosts of them seem to spring up from nowhere. Recklessly flinging themselves from tree to tree they hasten to obey the summons. And then you, too, can survey them at your ease as they surround him, and feed them, if you wish, with fruit, corn, and sugar.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Silent Grasshopper Appears

LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

By Our Country Correspondent

September 26. The leaves are now beginning to fall, and soon we shall have the countryside littered. Among the trees thus shedding their summer covering are the lime and elm, and though we are sorry to lose the verdure there is a beauty in the bare tree, and we shall soon be able to exercise our knowledge by identifying the trees by the general architecture of their branches.

September 27. An interesting little insect to look for now is the tree grasshopper, which, unlike its relation the great green grasshopper, is quite silent. It lives in the trees, chiefly the oak, and the best way to find it is to spread a cloth under the tree, and then beat the branches, when the insects will fall out.

September 28. The beech-nuts, generally spoken of as mast, an old word which means food, are now falling, and form a useful diet for squirrels and dormice. Formerly the pigs were turned into the beech woods at this season, but now they are fattened more rapidly.

September 29. The larvae of many of the tiny species of moths are to be seen just now, if looked for, feeding on the leaves of trees such as the beech, birch, sloe, hawthorn, and bramble. Among these are the caterpillars of coleophora, which include the little goose feather. It forms a dark-brown case, which stands upright on the leaf. The lines we see on leaves at this season are mostly caused by the larvae of the very small leaf-mining moths.

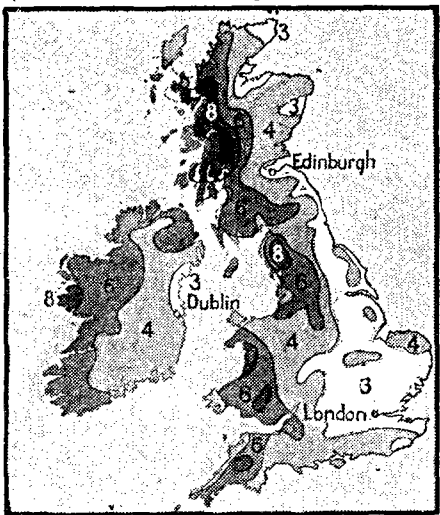
September 30. The large, showy leaves of the horse chestnut are turning brown, and will soon be falling, if they have not already started. The syringa, too, is turning yellow.

October 1. The red-green and autumn-green carpet moths are very beautiful little creatures, and may be found now in most districts. The fore wings are green and the hind greyish-brown, the red-green having warmer tints than its relation.

October 2. The plaintive cooing of the ring-dove, or wood pigeon, is gradually ceasing, and when the woods are quite bereft of this sound we shall miss it.

C.N. WEATHER MAP OF THE U.K.

The Rain of September



This map shows the average rainfall in inches for different areas during the month of September

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow corn salad for winter and spring use. Gather cucumbers for pickling. Parsley is best when planted in frames and protected from frost for winter use.

Bulbs of all kinds may be planted when the ground is vacant, but as most beds will still be occupied this may be deferred till next month.

Grass on lawns grows luxuriantly about this time, weeds accumulate, and leaves are troublesome, and for the sake of appearance all this must be carefully attended to.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

(Answered by Our Natural Historian)

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Does a Corncrake Call?

The corncrake has the usual vocal organs common to birds, and produces its monotonous signal in the same way as the night-jar, the redpole, and the rest of the birds.

Do Bears Hug Their Victims to Death?

No; they use their claws and teeth as weapons. An animal which can cause death by such means has no need for what wrestlers call a strangle hold.

Can a Single Dormouse Be Kept?

Yes; but, hating solitude for himself, the writer would never condemn a pet to it but would provide it with a companion of its own species.

What Makes a Cat Purr?

When a cat purrs we know that it is happy and contented. Purring is pussy's language of satisfaction. The word "purr" is man's attempt to imitate in spelling this sound made by the cat.

Has a Fish a Heart?

Yes; fishes have hearts—not all of them four-chambered like ours, but none with fewer than three chambers. And, of course, they have arteries and veins to work in conjunction with the heart.

Where Do Stag Beetles Live?

The larvae, which are large, white, fleshy grubs, live for five years in the rotting wood of old trees. The perfect beetle feeds on the sap which issues from the trunks and branches of various trees.

What Do Frogs and Toads Eat?

Frogs and toads eat all sorts of insects, not excepting bees if they can catch them; slugs, worms, and, in general, things which are harmful to the garden. Worms are not in the injurious list, but they are part of frog and toad diet.

Why Are Eyes Blue at Birth?

Because the pigment of the eye, contained between the first and second of the three coats composing the eye, does not make itself visible until some time after birth. Blue is the first, the colour at birth; the permanent colour develops later.

How Can Worms Live After Being Trodden On?

All worms have, more or less, the power to reproduce lost parts, to sacrifice damaged segments, and to grow new ones to replace them. Some worms multiply by simply splitting into segments, and the repair of injuries seems to be associated with this faculty.

How Long Will a Dormouse Live in Captivity?

That depends on the skill and kindness with which the pet is treated. The larger the cage—that is, the "run"—the better the dormouse's health and length of life. The writer had a dormouse for about three years, and then inattention led to an illness from which the little rodent died.

What Is a Wasp's Nest Made Of?

Wasps were the first paper-makers. With their strong jaws they pare off fragments of wood and other vegetable substances, bite them up, mix them with a gummy fluid from the mouth glands, and the result is paper like that made at great cost from logs by machinery. Of the wasp's paper the nests are built.

Do Gulls Follow a Ship Across the Sea?

No. Gulls that follow a ship for a distance from shore do not fly across the ocean, but return after a brief journey. The ship would afterwards be sighted by gulls which, following the nesting season, live far out at sea; and eventually there would be seen the gulls from the coast towards which the ship was steaming. Three or four different relays of birds would thus be encountered in the course of a voyage.

FIERY FURNACES

The Tremendous Horse-Power in the Clouds

HEAT HELD IN THE WATER VAPOUR

By a Scientific Correspondent

There is a saying "There is no smoke without fire," but a still truer saying would be, "There is no cloud without fire," for it is fire that makes the clouds, and the clouds in forming give off as much heat as fiery furnaces.

The sun, as we all know, evaporates water vapour, and the water vapour condenses and forms clouds. So much we all know, but how many of us realise that there is heat hidden away in the apparently cool water vapour, and given off by it when it condenses? Just as certainly as coal gives off heat when it burns, so certainly does water vapour give off heat when it condenses, and though the heat given off by a single drop of water may be very small, the total amount given off by a big cloud is tremendous.

800-Million Horse-Power

From the water vapour daily evaporated during the monsoon period from the Bay of Bengal enough heat is given off to work a million 800-horse-power engines. The heat does not work engines, but the great cyclones which often arise in the bay are due to the action of the heat in the air, and it has been calculated that during a large cyclone a mass of air a hundred miles in diameter, and probably not less than a mile in height, is caused to move at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour.

It has been further calculated that the amount of power generated is equal to the engine power necessary to drive some hundreds of thousands of 6000-ton steamers at 12 miles an hour.

The great heat that often precedes a thunderstorm is probably due to the condensation of the thunderclouds, and the climatic effects of the Gulf Stream are due more to the condensing water vapour that accompanies it than to the warmth of the stream itself.

Every cloud may, therefore, be considered as the smoke of a fiery furnace, and the fiery clouds of sunset are quite as fiery as they look.

PEEPING OUT

Primroses and violets have lately been peeping out in the woods near Ashford, Kent, and at Guildford cowslips and primroses have lately been seen. Wild strawberries were picked a week or two ago at Clandon, Surrey.



This is Dicky Duck, who will appear on the front page of CHICKS' OWN every week

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THE NEW STAR AND WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT IT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The wonders of the Northern Cross may, during the dark evenings of the next two weeks, be seen to advantage, for it will be almost overhead, to the left of the brilliant Vega.

This glorious group of stars, known to astronomers as the constellation of Cygnus, the Swan, became famous recently owing to the new star which blazed up.

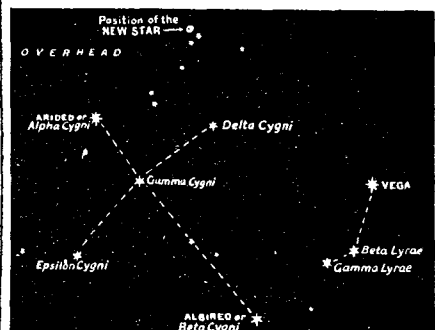
The brilliance of the star was, like all these "new" stars, very transitory, so that it is now, at the moment of writing, quite a small fifth-magnitude orb, only just visible.

What the Spectroscope Tells Us

Although we speak of the blazing out of this new star as happening now, there is no doubt that this stupendous conflagration actually occurred long before the battle of Hastings, and that its light has taken at least 1000 years to reach us.

As so little can be seen in this new star, even through large telescopes, beyond the great increase in light, astronomers have to seek indirectly to find out what actually happened.

Now, this is done by breaking up its light, as it were, with the prism of the spectroscope, so that it becomes possible



Where the new star appeared

to tell not only the substances on the star that emitted the light, but also the condition those substances were in. We know, for instance, whether they were gaseous or not; also the direction and velocity with which the mass of luminous matter was travelling.

All this, of course, requires much observation, great precision, and microscopical study of the photographs of the star's spectrum, or band of rainbow-tinted light, with its multitude of lines. The position and character of these lines, and their presence or absence in relation to the colours, constitute the marvellous hieroglyphics which reveal the facts.

A Comparison With the Sun

The event that they record will be best understood if we can imagine our Sun suddenly to blaze out with red flames on every side, which, extending outwards at a speed of 500 miles a second as a vast expanding shell of incandescent hydrogen and helium, would soon cause the Sun to increase to, say, 50,000 times its brilliance.

Its rapid expansion at this terrific speed would, in little over four days, bring the flaming gas to the Earth, engulfing it in a few seconds and speeding onwards, enveloping one planet after another until it had reached enormous dimensions.

Then what was originally the solar system would have become a colossal globe of nebulous fire-mist in which everything that had originally existed was transformed into a luminous gas.

Now, a most wonderful confirmation of the evidence of the spectroscope has been revealed in the great telescopes of the Yerkes and Lick Observatories, for their astronomers have, in the case of the new star that appeared in Aquila two years ago, actually seen the misty globe of bluish-green light, and seen it gradually expand for months after the original outburst of the star.

G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin

Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER I

A Queer Business

"Don't, Stan! Don't do that; it makes me shiver!"

Standish Prynn, who was sitting on the outer ledge of the turret window, swinging his legs over fifty feet of empty space, looked round at his sister with an air of faint surprise.

"Sorry, Bee! What's up?"

"Don't sit like that," urged Bee. "Suppose you fell?"

"Why on earth should I fall?" asked Standish, opening his brown eyes very wide. "All the same, it worries you."

And, with the utmost good nature, he turned and brought his legs back on to the turret stairs.

"What's made you so funky all of a sudden, Bee?" he demanded, looking shrewdly at his pretty sister. "You aren't, usually. Why, if it comes to that, you've got as good a head as I."

"Oh, I don't know!" Bee answered. "I—I just hate the idea of your going to school this term. And—and this is our last day together."

Stan's mouth opened as well as his eyes.

"But, my dear old thing, I thought you were pleased. Besides, where's the odds? 'Tisn't as if I were going away altogether. I shall be here all the time."

As he spoke he waved a hand through the window towards the school buildings, which lay almost beneath the ruined tower. They were, indeed, the modern part of the old stronghold of Storr Royal, the whole of which was owned by Mr. Franklyn Prynn, father of Standish and Beatrice.

"Sometimes I think it would be better if you really were going away altogether!" declared Bee, with unexpected vehemence. "I shall be seeing you in the distance every day, and we shall never have a word together. I think it's unkind of Dad to make you sleep in a dormitory and feed in hall."

Stan held up a hand.

"Steady, old girl!" he said gently. "You mustn't talk like that, you know. After all, Dad knows best, and he told me himself that the real reason why I was not to be a home boarder was simply so that the other chaps couldn't say I was being favoured, or anything like that. But I'm to come home to supper every Sunday evening, and then we can have jolly good talks, you and I. Besides, there are the holidays to look forward to."

But Bee was not to be comforted.

"What's the good of seeing you once a week?" she wailed. "I think it's perfectly horrid!"

Stan saw that she was really upset, so, like the sensible boy that he was, did not try to argue with her. He and Bee were Mr. Prynn's only children, and there was but a year between them. Stan was thirteen and Bee twelve, and the two had always been tremendous chums. Now that his father had decided that Stan was to become a member of the school all this was going to be changed. It would be well enough for Stan himself, for he, of course, would find friends in the school; but Bee was bound to be very lonely.

While these thoughts passed through his head Stan was gazing idly out through the narrow ivy-clad window, and suddenly he saw something which made him start up sharply.

"There's a boy there in the courtyard, Bee!" he exclaimed. "The first arrival!"

Bee was not a bit pleased.

"What's he come so early for?"

she demanded. "It's hardly three yet. None of the boys come till the five o'clock train."

"Well, that's one, anyhow," Stan answered. "I—I believe it's Delmar, isn't it?"

Bee looked at the boy. He was dark, rather squarely built, and—well, almost too well dressed. Yet his clothes were good and fitted him perfectly.

"Yes, it's Adnan Delmar," agreed Bee. "He's a horrid boy, I think!"

Stan stared at her.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know! But I don't like him; he's too sleek and pussy-catty. He's always smirking and looking superior. If I were you, Stan, I wouldn't have anything to do with him."

"I thought he was all right," said Stan, rather blankly. "But, hullo, he must have seen me! He's coming this way."

Bee pulled him quickly aside.

"I don't believe he's seen you at all; the ivy hides us up here. Wait and let's see what he's after."

"Why should he be after anything?" asked Stan, rather agrieved.

"If he isn't, what's he coming here for? You know the ruins are out of bounds."

"So they are; I'd forgotten that. What a sell, Bee! I shan't be able to come here any more in term time."

"I know," said Bee. "It's horrid! But look at Delmar; he's coming straight here. And watch the way he's looking about. He's trying to make sure that no one is watching him."

Truth to say, there wasn't much doubt about it. The ruinous part of the buildings was on the north side of the great courtyard of Storr Royal, and separated from the newer part by a high iron-fence. After looking carefully round, Delmar had reached the gate opening through the fence, opened it, and slipped through. In a moment he was hidden from the sight of the two watchers above.

Stan and Bee looked at one another.

"This is a queer business," said Stan, in a low voice. "What does he want in the ruins?"

"And why did he come back before any of the other boys?" questioned Bee. "I think we ought to tell Dad."

"No; that would be sneaking," replied Stan quickly. "That would never do. Tell you what; I'm going down to scout around and find what he really is up to."

CHAPTER 2

Locked In

STORR ROYAL was nearly eight hundred years old, and the ancient castle still stood grand and massive on the higher ground to the north of the new buildings.

Even these were not new, having been built in the days of Queen Anne. Prynn had lived there from time immemorial, but the present Mr. Franklyn Prynn, the father of Stan and Bee, had belonged to a younger branch of the family, and had never for a moment expected to inherit the great family place.

But for the war he never would have done so, but three cousins had been killed one after another, and in 1918 he found himself head of the family, and master of this magnificent pile of buildings.

Mr. Franklyn Prynn had been a schoolmaster all his life, and had very little money of his own, and the family money had been left away to the wife and daughters of the late owner. So he could not possibly afford to live in the huge

house, and he could not sell it because the law of entail forbade.

So he hit upon the great idea of turning the place into a private school, and, having borrowed a considerable sum of money, Mr. Prynn carried out his plan.

He had held a post at a big public school, and, being a popular man and well known, he soon found plenty of pupils, and within two years had nearly sixty boys.

The newer part of the buildings had been turned into class-rooms and dormitories, and Mr. Prynn and his family lived in the dower house, which was a few hundred yards away. As for the immense mass of ivy-clad ruins, with their great keep, broken staircases, and maze of cellars and dungeons below, these he had thought best to put out of bounds. It was too dangerous to allow the boys to climb about in. During the first term, and before the rule had been made, one boy had been badly hurt by a falling stone, so now there were severe penalties for any boy who trespassed in the ruins.

The thought of these penalties was in Stan's mind as he went quickly but quietly down the steep, winding staircase, followed closely by Bee.

Arrived at the bottom, he stopped



They lowered her to the ground

and listened. After a moment he turned to his sister.

"I think I hear him," he whispered. "I believe he's gone down into the cellars. Yes, I saw the ivy move. Bee, you stay here and let me go and find him."

"Stay here!" replied Bee indignantly. "No. I'm going, too."

In the centre of the old castle was an old yard. It was deep in nettles, and great piles of rubble half blocked it. Stan stood at the door of the keep for a moment, then hurried across the yard to an opening opposite. Here was an ancient iron-studded door of huge thickness, and so covered with long trails of dark ivy that it was almost hidden.

It stood just ajar, and Stan nodded and slipped through, followed by Bee. A flight of massive stone steps descended into the darkness, but Stan did not hesitate; he went straight down.

The steps led down into an underground chamber with a vaulted roof. A little light leaked in from a narrow slit high overhead. The place reeked of damp, and the air felt chill and heavy.

Here Stan stopped again and listened.

"Can't hear him," he whispered. "But this is the way he went. I'm certain of it."

"He's gone on farther, then,"

replied Bee, in an equally low voice. "There are a lot of cellars beyond."

"I know. Beastly places. I don't believe even Dad's been through half of them. You'd much better go back, Bee."

"I'm not going to," vowed Bee.

The words were hardly out of her mouth before there came a grating sound—then a clang.

"Oh, what's that?" cried Bee, starting.

"The door. Someone has shut the door," snapped Stan, and, spinning round, he ran like a flash back up the steps.

Bee, following hot-foot, found him with his shoulders against the closed door.

"It's no good," he panted. "It's bolted from outside."

"And—and we're locked in," gasped Bee.

"We're locked in," repeated Stan.

"Then it's Delmar has done it," declared Bee, speaking with absolute certainty.

"But he went ahead of us."

"He didn't. He hid in the ivy, and waited till we were inside."

"Then he must have known we were after him."

"He knew all right. Either he saw us at the window or heard us coming down the keep stairs."

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right," said Stan, disconsolately. "But what are we going to do now? We might shout till we were black in the face, but no one would hear."

"Perhaps there's some other way out," suggested Bee hopefully.

"If there is I don't know it," answered Stan grimly. "Still, if we don't want to stay here for good, we'd best go and look for it."

CHAPTER 3

Introducing Mr. Hank Harker

STAN struck a match and held it up. The thin glimmer shone upon a low roof, stained with lichen and patches of damp, and upon a floor of cracked and broken pavement. It showed a vaulted passage running on, apparently, endlessly ahead, and to left and right arched entrances to other tunnels. The place was silent as a tomb, and the foul air held a heavy, sour smell.

The match suddenly went out, leaving them in a darkness that could be felt.

"Strike another match, Stan," said his sister.

"Sorry, Bee. That's the last."

Bee shivered.

"What shall we do?"

"Keep going, old thing," replied Stan with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. They had now been wandering underground for nearly half an hour, and Stan had a horrid suspicion that they had got into one of the secret passages which were said to run from the castle all the way to Priest's Cove, under the sea cliffs. But the fact was that he had not the faintest idea where they were. These passages turned and twisted so that he had lost all sense of direction. They were hopelessly lost, and there was no use in pretending they weren't.

Bee was very plucky. She did not cry, but Stan knew that she was horribly frightened. He was scared enough himself.

But there was nothing to do but go ahead, and Stan groped along with one hand on the wall, the other holding Bee, and shuffling his feet for fear of falling into some pit.

Bee stopped.

"What is it?" asked Stan.

"Light, Stan. It isn't quite so dark, I'm sure."

Stan drew a quick breath.

"You're right, Bee. But where does it come from?"

"From in front. Let's go on."

Another fifty steps, then, there was no longer any doubt. A grey gleam penetrated the blackness, coming from high overhead.

"It's a window," cried Stan.

"But it's so dreadfully high. We can never get to it," answered Bee.

"I'll get there," said Stan confidently. "There are steps."

Steps there were, or, rather, what had once been steps. Now they were nothing but ruins, indeed little more than a mere slope of rubble, which rattled and slipped under Stan's feet as he climbed.

Bee held her breath as great stones came clanking down. Each instant she expected to see Stan follow them. But Stan clawed his way like a cat, and in spite of several narrow escapes managed at last to reach the window.

Clinging to a rusty iron bar, he turned.

"It's all right, Bee. We must have come right back somehow. This window looks out on the school."

"Can you get out?"

"Too big a drop, I'm afraid. It's twenty feet to the ground. But wait. I see a chap. I'll hail him."

He shouted, and there was a short pause.

"It's all right, Bee," said Stan. "He's bringing a rope."

Four or five minutes passed, then Bee heard something hit the window with a swish, and saw Stan catch the loose end of a rope which had evidently been flung up from outside.

"Good shot!" said Stan. "Now wait a jiff, will you? I've got to pull my sister up from inside."

He pulled the rope through and flung an end to Bee, and with its help she came up the broken stairs fairly easily. She found herself looking down through the narrow window on to the school courtyard. Exactly beneath the window stood a boy she had never seen before—a tall, lean boy, whose face was just the colour of an old saddle. He had high cheekbones like an Indian, a straight nose, and a chin like the toe of a boot. His eyes were narrow and very bright, his hair dead black and smoothly parted.

"Well done, kid!" he said, as he saw Bee at the window. "But, say, you can't get down by yourself. You wait, and I'll come right up and give you a hand."

As he spoke he sprang into the ivy and began climbing upwards like a monkey.

"Stop!" cried Bee, horrified. "You'll break your neck."

He paid no attention, but came straight up, and presently stepped lightly into the deep embrasure of the window.

"Guess Hank Harker's neck ain't easily broke," he remarked coolly.

"You're American," said Bee.

"Well, that ain't no crime that I'm aware of," replied the other, with a grin. "But say now, how in sense did you chaps get up here?"

"We'll tell you that afterwards," said Bee, secretly delighted at being classed as a "chap." "Let's get down first. If Father finds us here he will be pretty cross."

"Why, you must be school-teacher's kids," said Hank, with his cheery grin. "Here, missy, you get into the bight of this loop, and your brother and I'll lower you."

Hank was extraordinarily quick in all he did, and it seemed no time before all three were safe once more on firm ground.

Hank at once claimed Bee's promise, and Bee was just beginning to tell how she and Stan had been trapped when who should come strolling quietly up but Adnan Delmar himself.

Bee turned on him like a shot.

"Here's the boy who did it," she exclaimed.

Delmar's dark eyebrows rose slightly. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Really, Miss Beatrice, I haven't a notion what you are talking about," he answered.

"We saw you going into the ruins. Stan and I both saw you. We came down from the keep to see what you were doing."

Delmar laughed.

"Why, I have only just arrived," he said. "I came in with Penson and Clarke about ten minutes ago. I've never been near the ruins."

TO BE CONTINUED

Everywhere that I can Sing, There I'm Happy as a King

DR. MERRYMAN

"Is this my station?" asked a lady of the guard.

"No, madam," was the reply. "This station belongs to the London & North-Western Railway Company."

Find the Missing Vowels

HERE is a verse from which all the vowels have been taken. Can you reconstruct the verse by filling in the vowels? One vowel occurs 46 times.

HNLDTWSTHGLMYWL
THLVSTHTTHLVSTTHWL
RNLDKSYRHLLWTN
SLSTSLMNSNDLN
SMRNFNNLVSTG
RFYRHTNGHWLSTKKNW.

Answer next week

A Bad Bargain

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN once went out on a shooting expedition, and, despite his frantic efforts to kill something, he missed all the birds that he shot at.

He was returning home, disappointed and dispirited, with an empty bag when he noticed a farmer looking at some ducks in a pool.

"What will you charge for a shot at those ducks?" asked Sheridan.

The farmer looked surprised, but said nothing.

"Will half-a-crown do?" asked Sheridan, and the farmer nodded, whereupon Sheridan handed over the money and blazed away at the ducks.

Five or six were killed, and as Sheridan was gathering them up he said to the farmer,

"I think I made a pretty good bargain with you."

"Why," said the man, "those ducks were not mine!"

What Are We?

FIRST of men we lead a measure,
Last we end the same.
Starting merrily our pleasure
Is to finish lame.

Answer next week

The Traveller's A B C

Here are some more rhymes of the merry Picture Poet of the Underground Railway. We gladly send these out into the world for the good of all who travel in these hard times.



It's the Inspector who oft makes a raid
To see if your fare has been properly paid.



J's for Judiciousness; it saves the vexation
Of boarding a non-stop that passes your station.

Is Your Name Hardyman?

HARDYMAN is the same name as Hardman, which is only a corrupted spelling of the word. It is one of the large class of surnames that have come down to us from nicknames describing characteristics of people. Hardyman was, of course, one who could endure a good deal.

Better Late Than Never

"COME, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote

Just half a minute to mend this coat Which a nail has chanced to rend."

"'Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate.

"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,

But it's never too late to mend."

A Young Fellow Named Fisher



THERE was a young fellow named Fisher

Who was fishing for fish in a fissure,
When a cod, with a grin,

Pulled the fisherman in:
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

The Ignotist

A SELF-MADE but illiterate man, whose name was Isaac Isaacs, wrote a letter and signed himself Izuk Izux. The only correct letter was I.

The Butcher and His Meat

"WHY do you not deal with me now?" asked a butcher of a woman who had formerly visited his shop regularly.

"Well," was the reply, "the last piece of meat I had from you was so tough that I could have soled my boots with it."

"Then why did you not do it?" asked the nettled butcher.

"Because I could get no tacks that would go through it."

A Queer Sum

CAN you take 45 from 45 and let 45 remain? This is how it is done.

9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=45

1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9=45

8+6+4+1+9+7+5+3+2=45

History Repeated

As most boys and girls know, the mad emperor of Rome, Caligula, had a favourite horse for which he built a marble stable and appointed a retinue of slaves. It was said that he intended to make it Consul, one of the highest offices in the state.

When Sir Claudius Hunter was elected Lord Mayor of London, in 1811, a scholar wrote this verse:

AN Emperor of Rome who was famous for whim,

A Consul his horse did declare;
The City of London, to imitate him,
Of a Hunter has made a Lord Mayor.

What is a Crab?

"WHAT is a crab?" asked the teacher.

"A red fish that walks backward," replied the boy.

"Your answer is correct," said the teacher, "except that the crab is not red, it is not a fish, and it does not walk backward."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What are these Words? Few, fewer.

What was it? Justice, Just ice.

Is Your Name Here?

The names were Patrick and Elsie.

Who Was He?

The Professor Poet was Longfellow.

Queer Arithmetic

U III given last week should have read VIII.

Jacko Has Some Time to Spare

LONG after the family had come home from their holiday Jacko remembered the good times he had had.

He was always wishing he were back by the sea again. He used to pretend sometimes that he was. He would get out his bathing things and put them on before he got into his bath in the morning, and dash in as if he were off to swim the Channel.

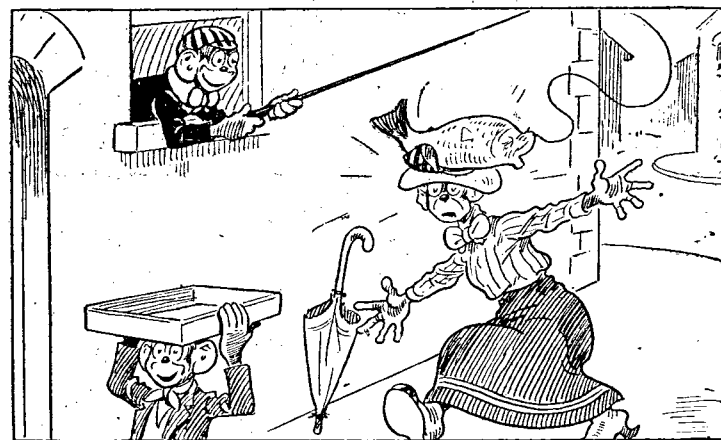
At least, he did it twice, and then he had to give it up, for he was such a long time in the bathroom that the rest of the family never had a chance.

The first time it happened Adolphus thought he was ill, and got quite alarmed. The second time he gave his young brother a serious warning. The third time Adolphus got up early and took off the bathroom lock. That settled it. After that, Jacko began to look about for something else to relieve the monotony of long holidays.

He was leaning half in and half out of the window one day when he saw a little crowd gathering in the street below to stare at two dogs fighting.

Jacko wasn't interested. He knew they were only having a game. He knew those dogs: they were always at it. Nothing exciting was going to happen.

But the others were not so sure about it. Sam, the fish-



Down it fell with a mighty thud

monger's boy, had taken up his position on the kerb as if he meant to spend the rest of the day there.

There he stood, his tray on his head—there was a very fine salmon on it—and his hands in his pockets, grinning, and urging the dogs on.

Somehow the sight of that salmon reminded Jacko of his fishing-rod. It only took him a moment to fetch it, unwind the string, and throw it out of the window.

He made two bad shots and then a good one; the third throw caught the salmon nicely on the hook and lifted it fairly off the tray.

Jacko chuckled. He leaned farther out of the window, and dangled the fish over the head of a lady who was passing.

Suddenly she looked up, and Jacko recognised her.

"Oh, lor!" he gasped, "it's Aunt Emma!"

He was so surprised that he jerked his line, and down the fish fell with a mighty thud on his aunt's best bonnet!

Ici on Parle Français

LAFFITTE

Un jeune homme, nommé Jacques Laffitte, se présenta chez le banquier Perregaux pour solliciter une place dans ses bureaux. Le banquier le congédia en lui disant qu'il n'avait rien à lui offrir, lorsque le jeune homme, en se retirant, aperçut une épingle sur le tapis. Il la ramassa et la déposa sur la table. Perregaux remarqua le geste et rappela Laffitte:

"J'ai réfléchi, Monsieur. Restez. On fera une place pour vous."

Quelques années plus tard, Laffitte devenait un des plus riches financiers du monde.

Notes and Queries

What is Entail? Entail is a legal term for the restricting of inheritance in estates to a particular class of heirs, such as the eldest son.

What is a White Paper? A White Paper is a small Parliamentary document, so named from the fact that its cover is white. A Blue Book is a larger document, with a blue paper cover.

What is an Almoner? An almoner is an official who distributes alms. The member of a monastery appointed to distribute the alms was known as the almoner. Later, the term was used to cover officials invested with a similar function in the household of princes and ecclesiastics.

ABC Stories

The Doll

STANDS for doll, the doll that Jill loved best of all her little family.

She had five dolls, but Toto—a little Japanese lady, with black hair and a round, smiling face—was the favourite.

She was so real to Jill that the little girl used to say she would never be surprised if one day she were to come to life and talk.

Brother Jack laughed at this, and told Jill not to be silly. But Jill didn't care. She grew fonder of Japanese Toto every day till she couldn't move without her.

Jack couldn't get her even to play a game unless Toto could play too. One day he grew quite angry. They were having a race. Jill used to run as fast as any boy, but now she was no good at all—and all because she insisted on running with Toto tucked under her arm.

That evening Toto mysteriously disappeared.

Jill was in a terrible way. She hunted everywhere, but not a single hair of Toto's precious head could she find.

"I should ask Jack if he knows anything about her," suggested Nurse.

Jack did not deny it.

"She's safe enough," he said, nodding his head wisely; "but you won't find her."

"You bad boy!" cried Jill. "Where have you put her?"

Jack wouldn't tell; he only laughed. And, though Jill searched and searched all over the house, when bedtime came she had not been found.



Toto disappeared

Half the night she lay awake fretting, and at breakfast next morning her eyes were so red and her face so sad that Mother said she had been teased quite enough, and Jack must tell.

"What a fuss to make about a doll!" said Jack scornfully. "I poked it in the oven. The fire was out—"

"But it's not out now!" cried Jill, jumping up. "Oh my precious dolly, you will be burned to death!"

Toto wasn't burned, but she was so changed that even Jill hardly recognised her. For she was made of wax, and when they tried to lift her out she was just a mass of grease, stuck fast to the oven shelf!

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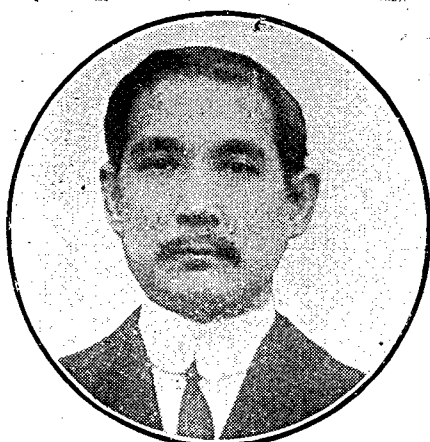
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September 25, 1920

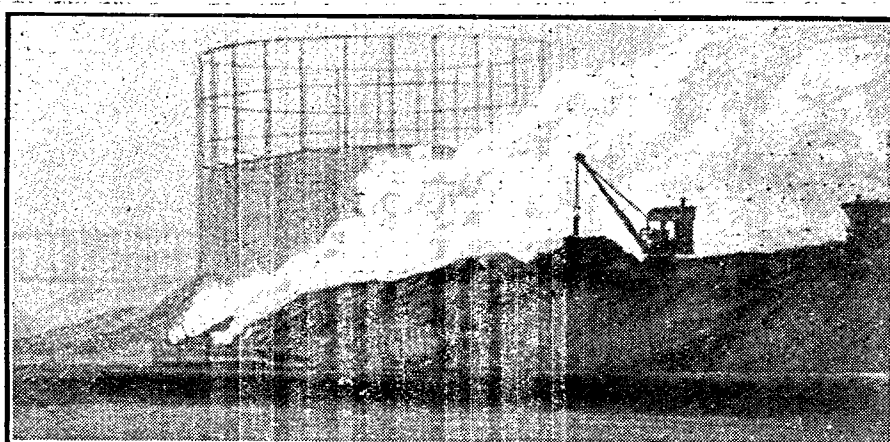
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MOUNTAIN OF FIRE IN LONDON · JUNGLE BABY · FRIENDS OF THE PIT



Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, China's first president, is trying to form an independent republic in the South-Western and Western Chinese provinces



Huge Coke Fire—At the Beckton Gas Works, North Woolwich, a stack consisting of 40,000 tons of coke caught fire recently. Firemen were unable to get the burning mass under control, and it may be several weeks before it is extinguished



Girl's Great Swim—Iris Martin, a ten-year-old girl who swam six miles in the Medway and is to receive a special cup



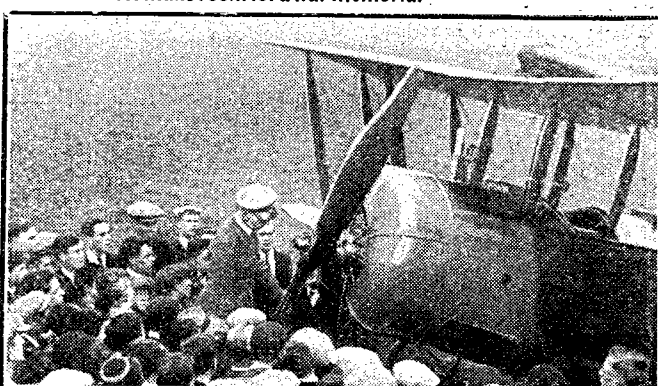
Founder of the Penny Post—The statue of Sir Rowland Hill has just been removed from its site in London to make room for a war memorial



Seaplane Float as a Boat—A little girl at the Scilly Isles who enjoys rowing about in a boat which has been made from an old seaplane float. It is remarkably light and easy to manage



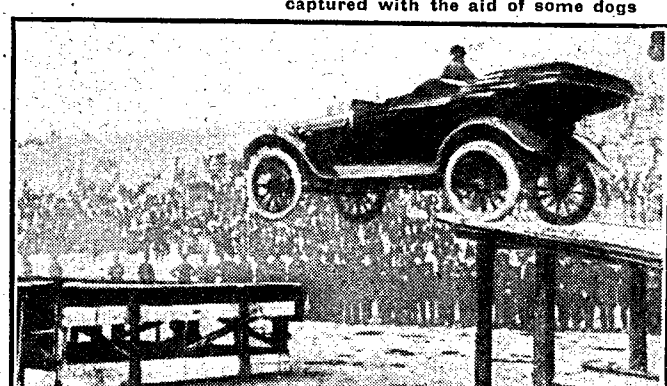
Jungle Baby—Major Pretorius with a fine young African elephant which he captured with the aid of some dogs



Training Young Airmen—An officer giving a lesson on the propeller to a class of boy mechanics at the R.A.F. Training School, Cranwell, Lincolnshire



Jamboree Boys Going Home—A group of happy South African Boy Scouts just before their departure from Southampton



Motor-car Takes a Leap—Travelling in his car round the Rome Stadium, this daring Italian mounted a platform and took a leap to another staging about the width of the car away



Friends of the Pit—The ponies which work so hard in the darkness of the coal-mines enjoy nothing so much as an occasional trip with their young attendants into the sunshine above



Earthquake in Italy—The small town of Carrara, in the Apennines, which has been famous for its marble quarries since the time of the Romans, was in the midst of the area affected by the recent earthquake. See page 1